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Review

UNE 21, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

THE MILITARY MAN IN A DEMOCRACY

By THOMAS K. FINLETTER

Dylan Thomas, author of "In Country Sleep & Other Poems." (See page 17.)

Lasser Comes Home

By BENNETT CERF

Singers of Sin & Repentance

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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OUR MARINES' LIFELINE to the sea was in danger. A Communist force of 4,000 men had seized the key hill overlooking Hagaru-ri in the desperate Chosin Reservoir fighting. The hill had to be taken. But there were no combat forces available to make the fight.

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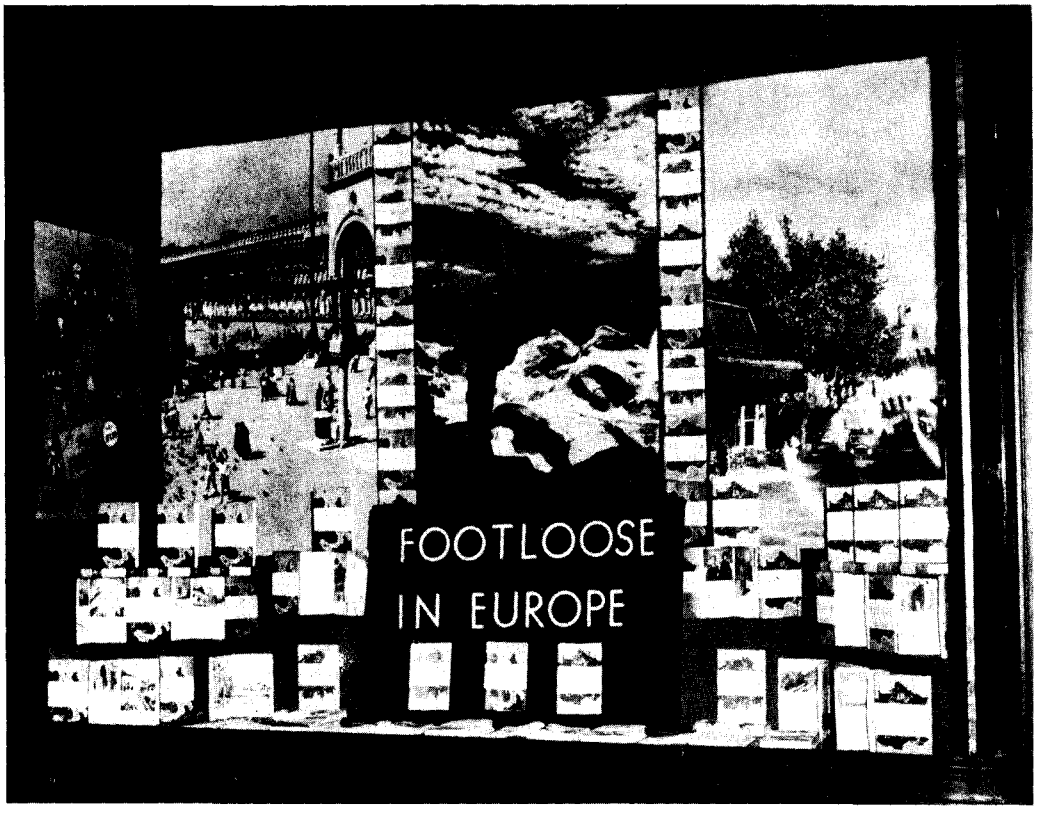


Scribner's traffic-stopping window on Fifth Avenue, New York, featuring Horace Sutton's widely read "Footloose" travel books, which was designed by A. v. A. van Duym

Footloose on Fifth Avenue

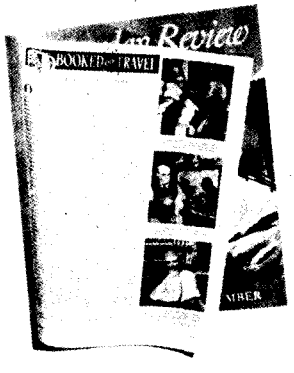
Horace Sutton's Travel Books are front-window news at Scribner's

OUR wandering travel editor who is just as likely to turn up in the Casbah as Coney Island, appeared recently no farther away from our headquarters than Fifth Avenue. Charles Scribner's & Sons devoted a full Fifth Avenue *fenetre* exclusively to Horace Sutton's Footloose travel books. Designed by A. v. A. van Duym, the arch-deacon of book displays, the window featured three of Sutton's original photographs from the books, blown up to four-foot-by-three-foot mural size.

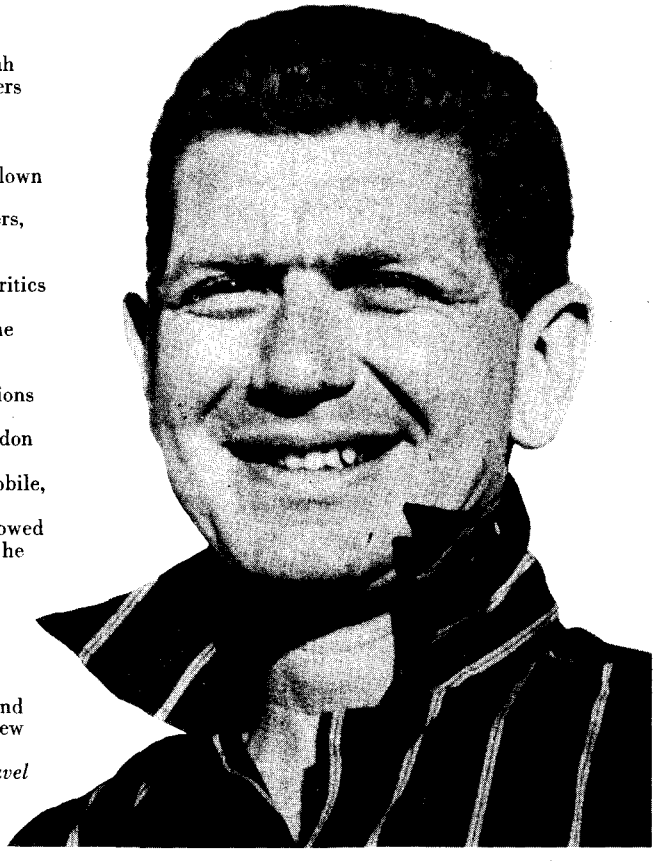
Up to press time, M. Sutton had placed four countries between hard covers, there being pleasant and readable (and informative) volumes on hand for the traveler moving towards France, Italy, Switzerland and Canada.

The Footloose books have been heralded as a new style of guidebook by critics from Flatbush to Frisco many of whom are not relatives of the author.

Between this semester's excursions Sutton has been seen slipping into the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue, where he is at work on a book about the Waldorf-Astoria. Finding such a wealth of material in such pleasant and handy surroundings has given our peregrinator strange notions that life can also be beautiful here at home. We are dispelling these ideas with vigor and success as witness his recent cabled report on London in the spring and Paris in the *printemps*.



Whether your carpet is magic or immobile, you'll enjoy reading Horace Sutton's amiable articles on travel. If you followed him last year you were on hand when he watched the Arab ladies dancing on the desert in Bou Saada, found the perfume made of Persian cat perspiration in the souks of Tunis, visited the Mayans in Yucatan, rode the canals in Amsterdam (and also in Xochimilco), rediscovered Germany and re-re-re-discovered Paris. There are new and exciting discoveries on his travel schedule this year. *Read Sutton on travel regularly in The Saturday Review.*



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The Saturday Review

JUNE 21, 1952

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SR/IDEAS

Page

TRADE WINDS: LASSER COMES HOME, by Bennett Cerf 6
SINGERS OF SIN AND REPENTANCE, by Gouverneur Paulding 9
"NEW DARING POSSIBILITY," by Lovell Thompson 14
"SERIOUS PROBLEMS ARE INVOLVED," by Cass Canfield 15
HUTCH, by Christopher Morley 16
THE MILITARY MAN IN A DEMOCRACY: AN EDITORIAL, by Thomas K. Finletter 24
ANISFIELD-WOLF AWARDS 25
SEEING THINGS: LANGUAGE, LEGAL AND LITERARY: PART 1 by John Mason Brown 30

SR/BOOKS

IN COUNTRY SLEEP, AND OTHER POEMS, by Dylan Thomas
Reviewed by Gerard Previn Meyer 17

THE ENCHANTED GRINDSTONE, by Henry Morton Robinson
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer 18

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE GUITAR, by Wallace Stevens
Reviewed by Remy Devigne 19

CASE RECORD FROM A SONNETORIUM, by Merrill Moore
Reviewed by A. M. Sullivan 20

THE JEHOVAH BLUES, by Marguerite Steen
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 20

THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS, by Godfrey Blunden
Reviewed by Nathan Rothman 21

AMERICAN VANGUARD, 1952, edited by Don M. Wolfe
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar 21

HEAD AGAINST THE WALL, by Hervé Bazin
Reviewed by Henri Peyre 22

SCALPEL, by Horace McCoy
Reviewed by W. R. Burnett 23

CHICAGO: THE SECOND CITY, by A. J. Liebling
Reviewed by Nelson Algren 37

WORKING WITH ROOSEVELT, by Samuel I. Rosenman
Reviewed by Lindsay Rogers 38

THE ATOM SPIES, by Oliver Pilat
Reviewed by Harold C. Hinton 39

THE NEXT AMERICA, by Lyman Bryson
Reviewed by Erwin D. Canham 39

POEMS OF MR. JOHN MILTON, edited by C. Brooks and J. E. Hardy
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman 41

RAINER MARIA RILKE, by F. W. Van Heerikhuizen
RAINER MARIA RILKE, edited by Marcel Raval
Reviewed by Siegfried Mandel 42

SR/DEPARTMENTS

CURRENT BOOKS WORTH READING 11
LITERARY SAMPLER 13
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 28
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Hollis Alpert 33
TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace 34
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton 35
LITERARY CRYPT 40
LITERARY I.Q. 44
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 952 50

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The cricket match and the vicar's tea were far from the minds of these

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by Warren Hunting Smith

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A study of *Mardi: and a Voyage Thither*, Melville's third book, which first revealed the extension of Melville's literary and intellectual horizons. $4.00

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YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Good News

▸ A record-breaking number of summer workshops in intergroup relations, to train teachers and community workers in ways to deal with interracial and interreligious problems, will be held during July and August at twenty-three leading American universities in cooperation with the National Conference of Christians and Jews. More than nine hundred teachers and community workers are expected to enroll in the 1952 courses and benefit from a concentrated study of factors needed to better democratic living among the nation's diverse religious and racial groups.

▸ In Monterey, California, the owner of a bookshop left for a vacation locking the store but leaving the bookstall outside filled with books and magazines. In the window he posted a sign: "Gone to Guatemala, returning May 30th. For books, put money in mail slot in door."

▸ Further protection for the bald eagle, our national symbol, was provided when a closed season in Alaska was put into effect by Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman. Bald eagles in the United States have been protected by law since 1940. In Alaska, however, where this species is more abundant, little or no protection has been provided. The new regulation states: "No open season. These birds may be killed only when committing damage to fishes, other wildlife, domestic birds, and animals. No carcass or any part thereof, including feathers of birds so taken, may be possessed or transported for any purpose."

▸ Gov. Alfred E. Driscoll has signed five bills designed to guarantee monetary compensation up to $5,000 each for most innocent victims of automobile accidents in New Jersey, whether or not the driver at fault carries liability insurance or is financially responsible. This will include persons injured in hit-and-run cases.

▸ Secure in the knowledge that she is wanted and welcomed, Nobuko Coronel, an Oriental war bride, is en route from Okinawa to her new home in Alhambra, Calif., with her husband, Cpl. Robert A. Coronel. An Alhambra paper published a letter from Nobuko expressing her fears that she would not be accepted. It received seventy letters from readers—which the newspaper forwarded to Nobuko—assuring her that she and the baby which the couple is expecting would be welcome in the community.

Our Wonderful Restlessness

Children are frequently told, when doing a trencherman's job on something they love dearly to eat, that their eyes are bigger than their stomachs.

Maybe we at HOLIDAY should have been told, when we dreamed up this month's HOLIDAY, that our eyes are bigger than our pens and our lenses. For we chose as our subject (it's the whole issue) the United States of America —that's all. "*Travel U.S.A.*"

But we honestly think it comes off. We've been told till our little ears burned that it's the most exciting word-and-picture presentation of this country, of its people and places, of its scenic beauty, of its ocean-to-ocean delights, of its food and lodging, of its things to see and do, ever put on paper.

If you plan to travel at all this summer or this year, you most certainly should have HOLIDAY's "*Travel U.S.A.*" as an inspiration, textbook, guide and key to pleasure. It's on the stands now.

P. S. In this issue you will find, among others, such writers as James Jones, Carl L. Biemiller, Al Hine, Silas Spitzer, Clifton Fadiman. Also two spectacular pictorial portfolios that camera addicts might want to compare with their own work.

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The Boom in Homer

Homer's hitting best-seller lists! *Time Magazine* commented on this happy omen in paper-bound books in its sprightly story, *Homer For Moderns* which appeared in the Education Section of its June 6 issue. It cited sales of 600,000 for the W.H.D. Rouse translations of THE ODYSSEY and THE ILIAD in 35c Mentor editions.

These extraordinary sales seem particularly pertinent at the Commencement season when formal education for many draws to a close. Yet for hundreds of thousands of readers, education continues through the medium of Mentor Books, the ubiquitous inexpensive paper-bound editions of the classics and serious non-fiction. Mentor authors range from Homer to John Dewey, their subjects include anthropology, history, economics, philosophy and science.

Sold at bookstores and newsstands throughout the world, Mentor Books demonstrate the dynamics of The New American Library's publishing credo, ". . . Good Reading For The Millions."

Here are some other recent Mentor Books that communicate the freshness and excitement that characterize Rouse's lively translations of Homer:

- **GREEK HISTORICAL THOUGHT, edited by Arnold J. Toynbee, M72**
- **HEREDITY, RACE AND SOCIETY (newly revised), Dunn & Dobzhansky, M74**
- **ON UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE, James B. Conant, M68**
- **NEW WORLD WRITING, Ms73 (50¢)**
- **THE PRINCE, Niccolo Machiavelli, introduction by Christian Gauss, M69**
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TRADE Winds

LASSER COMES HOME

IN THESE DAYS OF NECESSARILY HIGH and unnecessarily complicated taxes, a businessman must struggle mightily not to pay too little, in which case he's a cheat, not to pay too much, in which case he's a fool, and to understand how all the rules and regulations affect his own particular situation, in which case he's a genius. The present maze of tax rulings results from an endless battle between defenders of the Bureau of Internal Revenue on the one hand and representatives of private industry on the other.

To complicate the situation further, the players in this elaborate game frequently change sides. The man who was demanding additional payment for the Government on Monday pops up as an employe for an oil firm hollering for a tax rebate on Thursday. It's like a swap between the Yanks and Indians in the heat of a pennant race. To most men these constant shifts in personnel and new interpretations of complex tax regulations are a pain in the neck as well as the pocketbook. To a mild-mannered, self-effacing wizard in figures named Jacob K. Lasser, however, they are the breath of life.

When Lasser (known as "Yoc" to a myriad of friends) moves in to unravel a vexing tax problem, his eyes glisten with joy and excitement. His various books on the subject (appearing under the imprint of seven different publishers) have sold over 13 million copies in sixteen years. His tax clinics and courses grow more popular annually. His office has expanded from a cozy hole-in-the-wall in 1921 to an entire floor at 1440 Broadway, New York City, with over 100 employes, today. In a recent year, over 1,000 little taxpayers, no fools they, mailed their checks direct to Lasser instead of the Collector of Internal Revenue. Max Schuster, publisher of Lasser's biggest seller of all, the annual "Tax Guide," avers, "Lasser is to taxation what Einstein is to relativity." Another S. & S. luminary, Leon Shimkin, finding himself flanked by Lasser and a well-known undertaker on a lecture platform, told the audience, "I'm caught between death and taxes —and I now present to you the Lasser of two evils." The audience drew its own deductions.

HOW DOES A MAN GET TO be one of the country's undisputed experts on income taxes? Yoc Lasser's path led from his father's grocery store in Newark, via the Central High School football team, to the sports department of the old *Newark Star*. He ate so many of his father's groceries that by the time he turned out for football practice in high school he looked like Mr. Five-by-Five. The coach told him to plant his feet on the greensward and just let opposition backs bounce off him. Yoc found that writing about the encounters was less bruising than participating in same. One fateful day, the sports editor asked him to compile some batting averages. What Yoc did with those figures could have been used for the Christmas presentation at Radio City Music Hall. The startled editors wisely decreed that an accounting course was what he needed, and packed him off to N.Y.U.

From the Government's standpoint, this was a costly decision. A Treasury official estimates that Lasser's recommendations reduce Governmental revenue receipts by as much as 80 millions a year. In rebuttal, however, his admirers point out that he saves the

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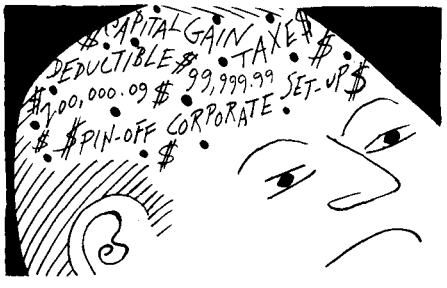
country three times that amount teaching people to fill out tax forms correctly. One high official of the Internal Revenue department has a Lasser manual constantly in sight on his desk. He admits, "It's the only damn way I can make head or tail of the regulations myself."

One of Lasser's most celebrated tax victories was scored on behalf of a nurse named Helen Harsaghy, who, in 1940, had been refused permission to deduct from her income the cost of supplying and laundering her uniforms. By the time Lasser was finished, the Government meekly admitted that not only nurses, but cops, firemen, doctors, trainmen, and uniformed workers in general were patently entitled to this write-off. If all the people who benefited from this ruling were to write in J. K. Lasser's name for President, he'd be elected in a landslide.

LASSER'S OWN FAVORITE CLIENTS, however, are those connected in some way with publishing. At least half of his 500-and-more clients today are book and magazine publishers, printers,



paper manufacturers, and engravers. His firm acts as accounting representative for the American Book Publishers Council, the American Association of University Presses, the Book Manufacturers Institute, and numerous magazine groups. He has saved individual publishers a small fortune not only in tax work, but in simplification of management problems, bookkeeping methods, and internal organization. Authors owe him a great debt, too: he pioneered in the move to permit writers to spread royalties earned in one banner year over the number of years required to conceive and complete the work in question. For a writer who suddenly found he had written a whopping best-seller, and then sold the movie rights the same year to boot, this ruling was a life-saver. One author admitted, "But for Yoc, I'd still be in hock."

Lasser's own annual best-seller, "Your Income Tax," has been a fixture on the Simon & Schuster list since 1935. Until 1949 it retailed at a dollar a copy: then rising costs necessitated an increase to $1.50. The sale was not affected at all. It averages a steady half million a year, zooming whenever a new revenue act changes the poor taxpayers' state from mere confusion to chaos. Booksellers take its sale so for granted they seldom put it down on their best-seller lists, though in some years it outsells the first three they *do* name put together. Dick Simon says, "After all, there's no best-seller like a best-seller that tells people how to save money."

YOC, WHO LIKES SHORT-CUTS, ONCE FOUND a special route to the Simon and Schuster office that led through the subterranean stronghold of a branch of the Bankers Trust Company. When Max Schuster observed, however, that this proved Yoc was generous to a vault, he was forced to change his course. He's cut down on his labors, too, rarely working more than seventy hours a week any longer. Even on the golf links his mind is a jumble of statistics and mathematical maneuvers. At the end of an 18-hole match with Marshall Field, Lasser announced, "I've figured out a way to save you two hundred thousand dollars in taxes this year." "You've also added up your score incorrectly," said the implacable Mr. Field. "You had an 89, not an 87. Twenty cents more, please." Mr. Lasser paid up.

Last year, Lasser, in cooperation with Judge Botein and Leon Shimkin, bought a big tract of land in Pound Ridge, where they're all building new houses. When Yoc's is completed, he expects to do a lot of his work there, explaining, "Businessmen have no idea how much office rigmarole interferes with their work." His present obsession is the advantages of "spin-off" corporate set-ups. He's explained them to me three times, but I still don't know what he's talking about. Yoc was so engrossed with them, however, that on the morning of March 16 he made an interesting discovery. He had neglected to mail the check covering his own income tax.

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 951)

R. MOLEY:
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PUBLICATION PREVIEW

Matador

BY BARNABY CONRAD

This is the day — every sight and sound and smell of it — of a destiny in the bull ring. The story belongs to a great and fatal matador. Several people insistently cross his path, confusing his advance with their buzzing problems of love and greed and betrayal. The problems threaten and fade taking their toll of his nerve and his dedication. And so Pacote goes into the ring, toward the classic rite of death to be dealt or suffered, armored and pinioned by the others who have brought him their problems.

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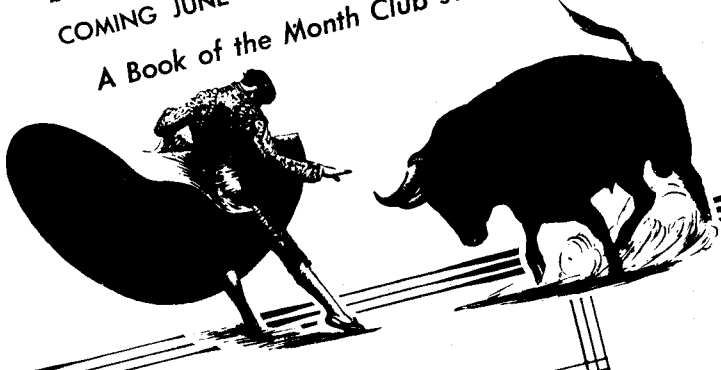
COMING JUNE 26

A Book of the Month Club selection



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The Saturday Review

JUNE 21, 1952

Singers of Sin & Repentance

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

WHEN YOU are looking for a French poet who is not all mixed up in classical mythology; when you are looking for someone simple and direct, you are apt to think of François Villon, whose anguish has been comprehensible and moving for over five hundred years to anyone who can read him in French or in translation, and then you are apt to jump a long way and think of poor old Verlaine. There he is in one of his hospitals taking the cure, asking his friends to send him stamps so that he can write to them to ask them to send him more stamps and tobacco, and he takes great and simple pleasure in putting in those English phrases of his that he never knew how to pronounce and that remind him of the great adventure—the lamentable adventure, of course, but now everything is in order: There is sin and repentance for sin and there is hope. And now the young poets listen to him in the cafes, and there is a kind of respectability, even if it is of a peculiar kind, and he writes smutty first drafts with the real words there and then he cleans them up. When you are young you think you would like to have known him; when you are old you know that things would not have gone well at all; but when you are old—even if you are vice president of the Madison Avenue branch of the bank—you know that Verlaine asked the great question for everyone to answer: "Toi que voila," (you there) "Qu'as-tu fait de ta jeunesse" (what have you done with your youth?) (The London *Times Literary Supplement* quotes direct from any language without bothering to translate. I was brought up not to. Mr. Fowler's "Modern English Usage" brought me up not to.)

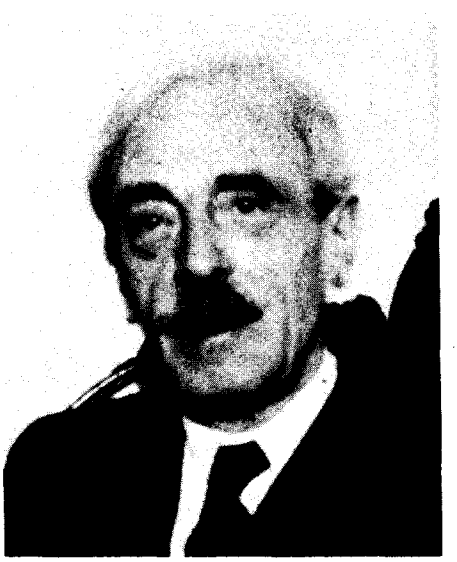
So you think of Verlaine as of someone who has said the essential about our human misery and you do not care much that the professionals call him a minor poet. André Gide composed a whole anthology to disprove the charge that France had no lyric poets except Villon and Verlaine, but those two remain the first to come to a foreigner's mind, and it is only after them, among the moderns, that you think of that great figure, dark, brooding, with all of his mind engaged and not just his body crying for warmth, the figure of Baudelaire.

Sometimes you see a face you have known for a long time in a new light. The accident that brought this reviewer two volumes in the Yale University Press's new series, Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought—P. Mansell Jones's "Baudelaire"* and Elizabeth Sewell's "Paul Valéry"†—by bringing about a reading of the two poets in arbitrary and unlikely juxtaposition leads to a fresh awareness of Baudelaire's fundamental simplicity. For Valéry moves Baudelaire over much closer to Verlaine. In contrast to Valéry, the complications of Baudelaire's anxiety become simply those unavoidable to an educated and analytical spirit; they no longer obscure his fundamental predicament—that of Villon, that of Verlaine, that of man himself who knows not where to place his love. The lucid mind, the extraordinary critic who un-

*"Baudelaire." By P. Mansell Jones. New Haven: Yale University Press. 63 pp. $2.50.

†"Paul Valéry: The Mind in the Mirror." By Elizabeth Sewell. New Haven: Yale University Press. 61 pp. $2.50.

Baudelaire—"closer to Verlaine."



—Bettmann Archive.

Valéry—"two-hundred-and-fifty drafts."

Gouverneur Paulding, a member of the staff of The Reporter, *has lived long in France and is intimately familiar with its language and its literature.*

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derstood Delacroix, defended Wagner, theorized with Poe, becomes simply the man who is held in sensuality and knows that his love is lost. "There is his perversity," writes Mr. Jones, "and he knows it not as a literary affectation, but as *sin*, an attitude of the soul. His plight is abject and not without complicity, but there is no shade of falsehood in his clairvoyance."

Mr. Jones is right in attributing Baudelaire's sense of guilt to the only dogmatic structure that can provoke it: that of Catholicism. And Mr. Jones is right in dismissing as irrelevant the tedious debate as to whether or not Baudelaire was a Catholic poet and in simply proclaiming the manifest evidence that he was at all times a moralist acting within the Christian terms of reference. Mr. Jones is a very sensible man: confronted with the poet's biography, his love for his mother, his detestation of his father-in-law, his financial difficulties, his mistresses, exotic and domestic, he declines to enter the enchanting garden of Freudian speculation where, too often, the critic is content to tarry, forgetting that "ultimately the test of every poet lies not in the manner of his life or in the nature of his thought, but in what he writes down."

However, Mr. Jones unavoidably is led in his analysis of what Baudelaire has written to return to the "nature of his thought." For thought and form, emotion and reflection are inseparable. In his intelligent and, once again, sensible discussion of "Les Fleurs du Mal," Mr. Jones insists on the revealing interest of the strict architecture with which it is composed. No doubt he is sensible enough to be aware that no one but the student will ever read the book with this architecture in mind. The poems are there, that is all, and they will be read in disordered sequence to meet the reader's changing mood. For the poet's intentions do not count—or his life or explanations of his manner of living. It may be interesting to know why some of the poems strike us as absurd, but whether we know why he wrote them or not, the childish diabolism, the insufferable insistence on the smell of woman's hair, the evil cat peering down from the mantlepiece—puss, puss—are outdated romantic bric-a-brac and ever will remain so. Baudelaire would not have liked them had he seen them painted by academicians in the annual salons he reported with such a modern sense of values and taste.

It is by noticing Baudelaire's limitations that his best work is seen to tower so high over the gray city he loved. Mr. Jones has a sense of humor —the rarest quality in a critic. He remarks that Baudelaire's constant preoccupation with the sin of the flesh never rose to the complications of adultery—an astonishing limitation when one comes to think of it. For Baudelaire there was just the woman lying there—and he stared and he stared. She had no particularized status, no name, or you could call her Lilith if you wanted but that did not help, and here was man looking into the apparatus by which human beings see, preoccupied with the five flesh-covered digits by which the human foot balances flexibly and advances, touching and questioning the odd growth that tops the human head. Here was man asking the question of life from matter, finding that matter cannot reply.

In a shop on Second Avenue in Manhattan there is a blown-up X-Ray photograph of a woman resting on a mattress to demonstrate how the woman's spine delighted in the mattress. It is not a romantic photograph. Baudelaire would have liked it.

Perhaps it is in one of his prose poems, the one in which a beggar is looking into the bright café and the lady with Baudelaire asks that he be driven away, that Baudelaire made everything clear. He says simply: "How difficult it is, even for those in love, to understand each other." That, of course, is the real disaster. The poet who is preoccupied with it, even if to the exclusion of almost anything else, is dealing with man's central cause for unrest.

IT IS poetic justice that the more brilliant of these two books, Elizabeth Sewell's "Paul Valéry," should be devoted to a far more arduous task than that of presenting the great Baudelaire. Miss Sewell has a scientific and, specifically, a theological mind; she handles the most abstract problems with great clarity and visible delight. She is witty and she could have talked back to the remarkable subject of her remarkable study. He attracts her. One suspects she plays chess. This reviewer does not.

Valéry is the poet of consciousness or, rather, of self-consciousness. That is why, throughout Miss Sewell's book, the word "mirror" recurs, and the idea of self-contemplation — Narcissus — is made the central theme. The trouble is that in Valéry the self is a double self, not single. This brings about complications that can best be followed and resolved by reading Miss Sewell. Briefly it becomes a matter of a great many mirrors. There are mirrors on the ceiling—as in luxurious houses of prostitution; there are mirrors fixed in the door; and, great heavens—if you remember the old song about the drunk —there are mirrors on the floor. A mirror, Miss Sewell reminds us, not only reflects but reverses the object before it. As a result of incessant labor Paul Valéry reached, among others, the Alice-in-Wonderland conclusion that the Creator ruined the perfection of non-existence by his ill-considered act of Creation.

Valéry worked hard. He mistrusted inspiration to an heroic degree. "This man," Miss Sewell writes, "who spent four years working on 'La Jeune Parque,' of which he made two-hundred-and-fifty typed drafts . . . whose name stands for the most exacting rigor in the use of language, he it is who says, 'If I were to write, I would infinitely rather write something weak, in full consciousness and in complete lucidity, than give birth to a masterpiece in a state of trance.' " The oversimplification is obvious since if there are indeed devotees of books produced in a state of trance such volumes are not generally considered masterpieces —but Valéry's sense is clear. He watched himself think. Miss Sewell does not neglect this occasion for wit: "If Valéry was thinking about thinking, that is what we are going to have to do. It is perhaps worth noting at this stage that Aristotle says in his 'Metaphysics' that thinking about thinking must be the characteristic activity of the mind of God." In other words, the place was already taken.

Valéry is a poet because you cannot devote yourself to words with impunity; they escape from the systematic, transcend subject-matter, illumine obscurity. Compression which forms diamonds forms poems. Had Valéry possessed the apparatus of mathematics his talents or rather the deliberate use of them might have been directed toward pure speculation; he had only the apparatus of words with which to play. He tried to use them in an involved process of lay analysis and if they could have been made to serve his intentions they would have illustrated not much more than an amateur and slightly perverse philosophy—for this clear mind was basically and irretrievably romantic. Ironically, the words formed images of the sea and the sun.

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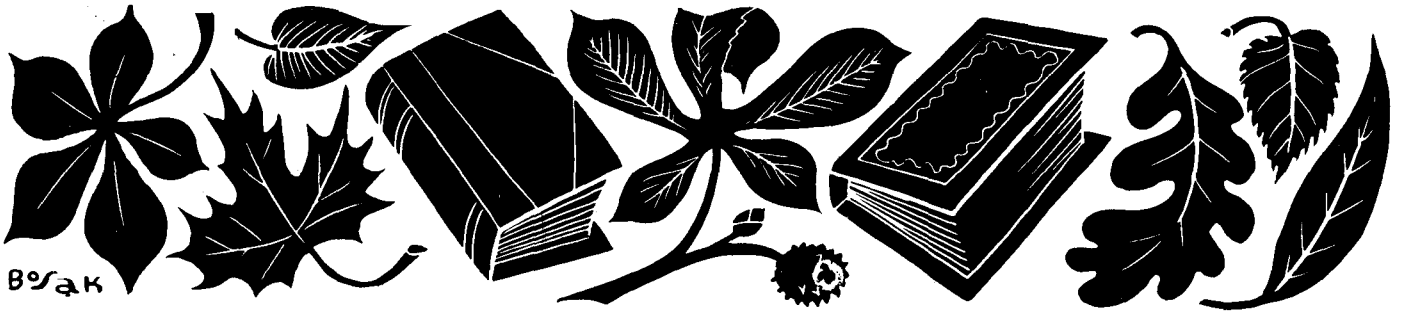

In the Critic's Hammock

Current Books Worth Reading

WHAT BOOKS, recently published or scheduled to be published soon, merit the attention of discriminating readers this summer?

As is its custom each season, *The Saturday Review* has asked that question of a group of men and women whose business it is to assay the current literary output—twenty-five book editors and critics for leading newspapers in every section of the country. Each editor was asked to nominate five books of fiction and five general works.

The fiction titles suggested most frequently are:

"Matador," by Barnaby Conrad, ten votes.

"Windom's Way," by James Ramsey Ullman, five votes.

"The Golden Hand," by Edith Simon, five votes.

"The Alexandrians," by Charles Mills, five votes.

"The Bogman," by Walter Macken, five votes.

"The Houses in Between," by Howard Spring, five votes.

The general works suggested most often are:

"Witness," by Whittaker Chambers, twelve votes.

"Winston Churchill," by Robert Lewis Taylor, nine votes.

"The Thurber Album," by James Thurber, seven votes.

"Boswell in Holland," edited by Frederick A. Pottle, five votes.

In the hope that its readers will find the critics' choices useful as a summer reading guide, the *Saturday Review* publishes below the full list of 62 general books and 55 fiction books with annotations. The names in brackets are those of the editors nominating the title. —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

TWELVE VOTES

WITNESS. By Whittaker Chambers. New York: Random House. $5.
The former Communist and *Time* editor tells about his own life, his changing political philosophy, and his side of the Hiss-Chambers affair in a long and explosive book. (Washburn, O'Neill, Bond, Tinkle, Cross, Kogan, Rothermel, T. Sherman, Nelson, Schockle, Babcock, Flowers.)

NINE VOTES

WINSTON CHURCHILL: An Informal Study of Greatness. By Robert Lewis Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
A lively and ancedotal biography of the British prime minister. (Flowers, Babcock, Washburn, O'Neill, Bond, Tinkle, Jordan-Smith, Bauer, Wesch.)

SEVEN VOTES

THE THURBER ALBUM. By James Thurber. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
Nostalgic pieces about family, friends, teachers, and others in Columbus, Ohio, written in the inimitable Thurber style. (Bond, Jackson, Tinkle, Kogan, T. Sherman, J. Sherman, Yeiser.)

FIVE VOTES

BOSWELL IN HOLLAND, 1763-1764. *Edited by Frederick A. Pottle. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $6.
This continuation of the story begun in "Boswell's London Journal" records James Boswell's student days in Holland and two love affairs. Pieced together from unpublished letters, memoranda, etc. (O'Neill, Jackson, Jordan-Smith, T. Sherman, J. Sherman.)

FOUR VOTES

CALVACADE OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Edward Wagenknecht. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $6.50.
A critical study of the more important American novelists from Cooper to Marquand. There are also useful notes, bibliographies, etc. (Douglas, Hass, Derleth, Cady.)

HOW TO TRAVEL INCOGNITO. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
An amusingly fanciful account of how Bemelmans became the Prince of Bavaria and learned to travel magnificently at no cost. (Jackson, J. Sherman, Beck, Douglas.)

ONE MAN'S AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Reflections on the American scene by a perceptive British newspaperman long resident among us. (Jackson, Kogan, J. Sherman, Babcock.)

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF SENATOR VANDENBERG. Edited by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr. with Joe Alex Morris. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.
The diaries and letters of the Republican Senator from Michigan from 1939 until his death reveal his conversion from an isolationist to a formulator of bipartisan foreign policy. (Bauer, Rothermel, Nelson, Schockle.)

UNDER THE SEA-WIND. By Rachel. L. Carson. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.
A lyrical, yet soundly scientific account of the lives of fish and birds on the eastern edge of the North American continent, by the author of "The Sea Around Us." Reissue of a book originally published in 1941. (Jackson, Bauer, Douglas, Flowers.)

THREE VOTES

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY. Papers and Addresses of Judge Learned Hand. Edited by Irving Dilliard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
Speeches and articles on tolerance, democracy, Americanism, and great figures in law by a distinguished liberal. (Cross, Rothermel, T. Sherman.)

WHITE COLUMNS IN GEORGIA. By Medora Field Perkerson. New York: Rinehart & Co. $7.95.
Descriptions of outstanding Georgia antebellum homes and mansions, with some account of their history and traditions. Illustrated with more than 80 photographs. (Jordan-Smith, Derleth, Washburn.)

WINDOWS FOR THE CROWN PRINCE. By Elizabeth Gray Vining. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.
The Philadelphia Quaker lady who was tutor in English to the Crown Prince tells about her experiences in Occupied Japan. (Bond, Rogers, Babcock.)

THE WORLD OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. Edited by Charles Angoff. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
Comments on the theatre, women, literature, America, and the world culled from the writings of the dean of drama critics. (Derleth, Rothermel, Nelson.)

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. By George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.
An account of the Spanish Civil War and the betrayal of the Loyalists by the USSR. Originally published in England in 1938. (Beck, Babcock, Yeiser.)

NECESSARY EVIL: THE LIFE OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. By Laurence and Elizabeth Hanson. New York: Macmillan Co. $5.
The turbulent married life of a fabulous

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literary couple: the vivacious, witty Jane and the brilliant, hypochondriac Thomas Carlyle. (Beck, Jordan-Smith, Cady.)

TWO VOTES

THE BOOKMAN'S LONDON. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
A learned yet amiable guide to literary London, its publishers and booksellers, the haunts and homes of writers. Attractively illustrated. (Jordan-Smith, Hass.)

DUVEEN. By S. N. Behrman. New York: Random House. $3.50.
The story of the fabulous Joseph Duveen, Lord Milbank, who accumulated a fortune by building up the art collections of American millionaires. (Douglas, Flowers.)

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE. By Arthur C. Clarke. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
A scientific yet non-technical report on astronautics, the science of space travel, together with some consideration of its ultimate effect on human happiness. (Jackson, Bradley.)

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. MORRIS. By Howard Swiggert. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5.
A biography of the colorful Gouverneur Morris, Revolutionary financier, framer of the Constitution, and minister to France, whose affaires de coeur became legendary. (Hass, Cady.)

FAR CORNER: A Personal View of the Pacific Northwest. By Stewart Holbrook. New York: Macmillan Co. $4.
An informal account of the Pacific Northwest, with emphasis on its picturesque people, towns, and industries. (Bauer, Nelson.)

NEW WORLD WRITING. Edited by the Editors of New American Library. New York: New American Library. 50¢
First of a series of volumes of hitherto unpublished short stories, essays, fragments of novels, plays, poems, etc. Paperbound! (Derleth, Yeiser.)

POETRY IN OUR TIME. By Babette Deutsch. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $6.
A critique study of twentieth-century poetry, its trends and chief practitioners. (Cross, Rogers.)

SPIES, DUPES, AND DIPLOMATS. By Ralph de Toledano. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50.
International espionage and intrigue as manifested in the Amerasia case, Pearl Harbor, the activities of the Institute of Pacific Relations, etc. (Wesch, Cady.)

WORKING WITH ROOSEVELT. By Samuel I. Rosenman. New York: Harper & Bros. $5.
Judge Roseman tells of his relationship with Roosevelt from 1928 to 1945, as speech-writer and intimate friend. Invaluable for its behind-scenes view of the New Deal. (O'Neill, Schockle.)

ONE VOTE

ANNE FRANK: THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL. By Anne Frank. Translated by B. M. Mooyart-Doubleday. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.
Two years from a diary kept by a 13-year-old Jewish girl when her family, and another family lived in hiding in an Amsterdam warehouse during World War II. (Rogers.)

THE ART OF BOOK READING. By Stella Center. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.
A handbook designed to increase the enjoyment and comprehension of reading by adults. (Hass.)

BARBARIANS IN OUR MIDST. By Virgil W. Peterson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50.
Crime and politics in Chicago as analyzed by a former FBI agent who is now Operating Director of the Chicago Crime Commission. (Wesch.)

A BED FOR THE NIGHT. By Rufus Jarman. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
An anecdotal account of the rise of E. M. Statler from bellhop to operator of a world famous hotel chain. (Nelson.)

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS. By William O. Douglas. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
This new volume by the author of "Strange Lands and Friendly People" is scheduled to be published Sept. 4. (Bradley.)

THE CHATTANOOGA COUNTRY. By Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.
The story of Chattanooga from the time it was a frontier town to its present importance as a power station of the TVA. (Douglas.)

SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL. By Dixon Wecter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Price not yet determined.
The world of Tom Sawyer recreated through a study of Mark Twain's boyhood years in Hannibal, Mo. Scheduled for Aug. 28 publication. (Bradley.)

CONQUEST BY TERROR. By Leland Stowe. New York: Random House. $3.50.
A well-known journalist reports on how the USSR conquers and absorbs the satellite states of Europe. (O'Neill.)

THE CRY IS PEACE. By Louis Budenz. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3.75.
A former editor of the *Daily Worker* describes how Communists work in the government, schools, newspapers, and churches. (Cady.)

THE FARMER TAKES A HAND. By Marquis Childs. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
An account of the revolution wrought in farm life through cooperative electric power, with emphasis on the Rural Electrification Administration and government-financed cooperatives. (T. Sherman.)

FORTY ODD. By Mary Bard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50.
How the author of "The Doctor Wears Three Faces" faced up to the fact that she had become forty is told with wit and wisdom. (Nelson.)

FULL OF LIFE. By John Fante. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.75.
Domestic troubles in an Italian-American family living in southern California, marked by baffled romance and wry humor. (J. Sherman.)

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS By Samuel Lubell. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
A discussion, scholarly yet highly readable, of the eight basic forces at work in American political life. Based on eleven years of investigation. (Kogan.)

GIVE THE LADY WHAT SHE WANTS. By Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $4.50.
An informal history of the great Chicago department store of Marshall Field & Co., enlivened by anecdotes, photographs, and drawings. (Schockle.)

GLORY ROAD. By Bruce Catton. New York: Doubleday & Co. $4.50.
"Mr. Lincoln's Army" tells of the Army of the Potomac's bloody progress from Fredericksburg to Gettysburg. (Derleth.)

GODS, GRAVES AND SCHOLARS. By C. Ceram. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.75.
A popular yet reliable survey of archeological investigation. (Bauer.)

HANDBOOK OF PRACTICAL POLITICS. By Paul P. Van Riper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.95.
A brief, realistic explanation of the way political organizations operate. (Wesch.)

HARPOON VENTURE. By Gavin Maxwell. New York: Viking Press. $4.75.
A man who makes his living hunting the basking shark in the Hebrides gives an exciting account of his successes and failures. (Rogers.)

THE IRONY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.
One of the most distinguished living American theologians considers the practical and moral dilemma of the United States today. (Kogan.)

JOURNEY TO PERSIA. By Robert Payne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75.
Iran, a bustling nation emerging from a somnolent antiquity, is described poetically and vividly. (Washburn.)

THE LANDS BEYOND. By L. Sprague de Camp and Willy Ley. New York: Rinehart & Co. $4.75.
The facts and legends of the never-never lands of men's dreams—the Lost Atlantis, the kingdom of Prester John, etc.—described for modern readers. (Derleth.)

THE LAST YEARS OF NIJINSKY. By Romola Nijinsky. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
The widow of the great ballet dancer tells of his last years, taking up the story where she left off in an earlier biography. (Rogers.)

LIFE AND DEATH OF STALIN. By Louis Fischer. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
This new book by the author of "Gandhi and Stalin" is scheduled for Aug. 20 publication. (Bradley.)

THE MAN FROM ABILENE. By Kevin McCann. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50.
An admiring portrait of Dwight D. Eisenhower by a man who was his assistant at NATO headquarters and at Columbia University. (Rothermel.)

MR. PRESIDENT. By William Hillman. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $5.
Mr. Truman as man and President is presented through this lavish text-and-picture book. (Cross.)

MOONSOON SEAS. By Alan J. Villiers. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4.75.
The story of the Indian Ocean and the ships and men who frequented its waters. (Wesch.)

NATURE I LOVED. By Bill Geagan. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.
A newspaperman and radio broadcaster finds the ideal life—hunting and trapping, writing and sketching in the woods. (Beck.)

THE NEED FOR ROOTS. By Simone Weil. Translated by Arthur Wills. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.
A definition of the citizen's duty to himself, his country, and God, written by the author of the much-discussed "Waiting for God." (J. Sherman.)

PEOPLE OF THE DEER. By Farley Mowat. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.
An account of a journey through the Great Barrens, northwest of Hudson Bay, and the discovery of a people who lived contentedly with the deer. (Flowers.)

ROOMS TO LET. By Helen S. Rush and Mary Sherkanowski. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
The adventures that befell two sisters who

(Continued on page 47)

These are the 25 men and women who participated in SR's annual critics' poll for summer reading:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
MALCOLM BAUER, *Portland Oregonian*
CLYDE BECK, *Detroit News*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus* [Ohio] *Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
AUGUST DERLETH, *Madison* [Wis.] *Times*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
PAUL JORDAN-SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
SHORE NELSON, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
RAY SCHOCKLE, *Atlanta Journal*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
BEATRICE WASHBURN, *Miami Herald*
CHARLES WESCH, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Return of a Native

CONSIDER the tomato. The tomato belongs to a South American genus of weedy little plants with small red or orange berries about the size of currants. Out of this complex there somehow arose the cultivated tomato, differing mainly in its increased variability and in its far larger fruit. In pre-Columbian days its great value was recognized in Mexico and for centuries it has been one of the fundamentals in the Mexican national diet.

After the Conquest it was introduced into Europe where it was grown largely as a curiosity. Today it is one of the cornerstones of modern scientific diets. How, where, and when did this change come over? Over most of Europe and in the United States the tomato's virtues were very slow to be recognized. A century ago it was still being grown in small quantities as an ornamental plant for its bright red fruits which were frequently said to be poisonous, and hence were romantically known as "love apples." In Italy, however, the tomato became so quickly a part of the national diet that it is hard for us to imagine Italy cookery without its inevitable tomato sauces. . . . New Italian varieties were bred with thicker skins, smoother shapes, and meatier drier flesh. . . .

Our own appreciation of the tomato lagged far behind the Italians but in the last three or four decades we have nearly caught up with them. How much of this was due to Italian-Americans who brought back to the New World a real appreciation of this life-saving vegetable? In my grandmother's time, tomatoes were grown as a curiosity in the old family flower garden. When I was a small boy they had spread into the vegetable garden. During the season that they were ripe we had them chilled and sliced them with vinegar, sugar, salt, and pepper. A few were canned and during the winter months were served as a stewed vegetable about once a month on the average, certainly never more than once a week. A few more were made into chili sauce or catchup, which in our home were typical exotic accessories reserved for company dinners and other special occasions. The catchup bottle had reached some restaurants but it was not almost universal there, as it is today. By the time I was in my teens tomatoes were eaten in a greater variety of ways. I remember the first time I saw one eaten fresh, like an apple; it was not until after I was married and had a home of my own that tomato juice became a standard item in the breakfast diet. England is twenty-five years behind us, and many of the Continental countries are behind her.

—From "Plants, Man, and Life," by Edgar Anderson (Little, Brown).

Linguistic Law-givers

THE SECOND half of the eighteenth century saw the rise of a tribe of linguistic dictators who lacked Dr. Johnson's good judgment and his powers of accurate observation. The rules which Johnson quite rightly thought unnecessary were the breath of life to those remarkably energetic but linguistically ignorant men who have succeeded to a very large extent in laying upon the English tongue shackles conjured up in their own brains. One of the most prestigious of these was Robert Lowth, whose "Short Introduction to English Grammar" was published in 1762. Lowth, a clergyman who was later to become bishop of London, was highly conscious of what seemed to him to be the deplorable state of anarchy attained by the English language. He had, moreover, a self-confident, pontifical manner which doubtless contributed to his rise in the hierarchy of his church and which certainly convinced people that he knew all the answers. Usage concerned him not at all. Many of the "errors" which he cited were taken from the most reputable English authors. He was in fact praised by one of his admirers, William Ward, for showing "the grammatic Inaccuracies that have escaped the Pens of our most distinguished writers." . . . Lowth frankly stated his aims—"to lay down rules" and "to judge of every phrase and form of construction, whether it be right or not." His guiding principles were drawn from "universal grammar," whose common principles were applicable to any particular language. He is largely responsible for the still widely current belief in the absoluteness of grammatical rules, which to him were as inflexible as the laws of nature itself.

—By the author, from "Matador," by Barnaby Conrad.

Lowth's attitude towards language was altogether to the taste of his day, and he had many followers who, like him, exercised themselves over such matters as the use of *lie* and *lay*, *who* and *whom*, *between* and *among*, *would rather* instead of *had rather*, *different from* instead of *different than* or *different to*, and the proscribing of *it is me*. Lowth's condemnation of *you was* has deprived us of the useful distinction which our eighteenth-century ancestors made between this form for the singular and *you were* for the plural. It was he who formulated the rule condemning the double negative: "two Negatives in English destroy one another, or are equivalent to an Affirmative." Of course it is not true, but it has nevertheless prevailed. Because it seemed to him illogical, he outlawed the use of the superlative degree when one of two was referred to, so that we now feel it necessary to say "the younger of the two" but "the youngest of the three." The *shall-will* rules were formulated by a mathematician-cum-grammarian more than a century before the appearance of Lowth's book, in his "Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae" (1653), but Lowth and his followers perpetuated them; the complexity of their rules, their "reasonableness," and their utter lack of justification in the facts of normal usage have appealed greatly to teachers ever since.

—From "Words and Ways of English Usage," by Thomas Pyles (to be published July 18 by Random House).

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *A new publishing venture which, if successful, could radically influence the making and selling of boooks in America was announced recently by Ian Ballantine, formerly president of Bantam Books, now president of Ballantine Books. Mr. Ballantine proposes to offer a service to publishers which will enable them to publish books simultaneously in two editions —a cloth-bound edition at regular prices and a paper-bound, low-priced edition. Books so published will bear the imprint of both Ballantine Books and the participating publisher and will be jointly financed. At present almost all paper-bound books published in this country are reprints. Ballantine Books will extend the area of paper-bound publication to include current fiction and non-fiction. Plans call for the first titles to appear in November.*

Because of its sharp departure from established publishing practice the Ballantine plan has drawn much divided comment from the book industry. Some firms have declared their willingness to participate in joint publication with the new venture. Others have gone on record against it. In the articles that follow, Lovell Thompson, trade manager of Houghton Mifflin Co., gives the viewpoint of a publisher in favor of the plan; Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of Harper & Bros., explains why some publishers are wary of it.

"New Daring Possibility"

A Hard-Cover Publisher Lauds an Experiment

LOVELL THOMPSON

—F. Bachrach.
L. Thompson

WHEN two publishers discuss publishing you can, with a fair degree of certainty, foresee the course of their conversation. Sooner or later the elder will speak sadly of the plight of modern publishing. He will mention the trend toward commercialism, the high cost of advertising, the resultant accent on best sellers, and the disappearance of sound intellectual standards. The younger will then reply with a sneer that even before the elder was old publishers had been talking that way. He can, if he wants, cite passage after passage in memoirs of the trade. He will more likely merely cite his friend's fishing trip to Scotland and suggest that maybe starvation was not the motive for it. These two will now part quite unimpressed with what each has said. The elder, who is perhaps nearing retirement, will have comforted himself against the day with the thought that the trade is neither as worthwhile or as profitable as it once was. The younger on the other hand will have looked happily ahead to the inevitable day when free of financial worry he too will cast a fly in some Scottish paradise and dream of a retirement that will be much like that of Man-o'-War put out to grass. Neither will have analyzed the factors in publishing which have caused them to go through this ritualistic greeting like two Eskimos rubbing noses or two Indians saying, "Ugh."

When America was young a gentleman needed a library. It was not a mark of social rank. It was a piece of technical equipment. Cotton Mather's library would be largely theological treatises, collections of sermons by rival divines, and maybe a pornographic volume or two so that he wouldn't forget what Satan in the rival camp could do if he tried. Jefferson's library contained many architectural works. John Adams's was strong on political theory, and so it went. The private library replaced the graduate school and the public library. It was a key to a profession. Books were expensive, necessary tools; they were mostly imported. A magazine or a newspaper in that time was hardly more than a four-page fold and a best seller like "Common Sense" was a pamphlet. Compare a magazine of that time with one of today's slicks and you will see how the world has changed, but if you put a volume of Cotton Mather's "Magnalia" beside a volume of Toynbee's "Study of History" you will think the world has hardly moved at all, and you will see why publishers say "Ugh" when they meet.

Nowhere is this contrast so great as in America. The whole drama of American growth is implicit in the magazine; you only have to fan its pages. But to know the drama that stretches between the "Simple Cobbler of Agawam" and the wanderer in the "Wasteland" you have to open the covers and read the words. That may be something for the publisher to be proud of; it is surely a situation worth analysis. The same technical advances have been available to both trades, yet while the book trade has lived on the gleaning of an incredibly rich era the magazine has been part and parcel of the great expansion. Only one factor is responsible for this divergence and that is the availability of the magazine to the needs of the advertiser in a rich but widely dispersed community.

THE great wave of advertising didn't strike until after the turn of the nineteenth century, but a look at the magazines any time after 1850 would have told you the tide was sure to rise. Meanwhile, books came down off the shelf of the gentleman's library into the hands of the ordinary man. A fair proportion of America (three hundred thousand was an estimate of 1860 when the population was thirty-one million) bought "Uncle Tom's Cabin," more in fact than read any magazine then published. In the mid-Eighties Ticknor & Co. in Boston was publishing paper-backs at one dollar. In the Nineties, when our population was seventy-five million, "In His Steps" sold some seven million copies, a figure that cannot be matched by best sellers today. In another score of years *The Saturday Evening Post* became the gaudy, beautiful, wonderful nickel's worth of the Twenties. Sunday papers and nickel slicks were subsidized by advertisers to such an extent that price was a matter of public relations, not a matter of economics. It was said that the *Post* could give away two cents with every copy and still make money. With backing like that the newspaper and magazine distribution system as we know it today was built.

Books shrank back toward the library, but time had cut off their retreat. The technology that had required advertising also required a vast number of technical books to serve it. The books on which a modern education could be founded were only in small part the province of the general publisher. Yet despite the forces that pressed

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him from both sides of the publishing scale he could still exist, for he gained on the birth rate of literates what he lost to the technical and educational publishers on the one hand and to the mass-market magazines on the other. Thus, he lived a precarious life saved again and again by the recurring but unpredictable chance of the best seller. Since the Twenties, while magazine counters have multiplied, the number of bookstores has remained static and now begins to diminish. With this high-priced product the book publisher couldn't reach the magazine counter and in his shrinking market he couldn't reduce his price. The spread in the price of reading became absurd. Many of the same authors were appearing in both books and magazines—yet the cost per word read in a book ran around two cents a thousand and in a big slick around two cents per fifty thousand.

IT WAS this situation more than any other that made the bookclubs possible, for they found a way to distribute books of wide appeal at intermediate prices. Meanwhile, the publisher continued his desperate search for best sellers; elderly publishers observed and bemoaned while younger publishers figured there would always be a way out; there always had been.

In the Forties the situation began to right itself, and today beside the magazines you will see gaudy little paper-back books you may buy at a price per word not far from the rate that many magazines charge. Instead of going through a thousand odd bookstores, these books pass over roughly 100,000 magazine counters. In many indirect ways, the general publisher has already entered this low-price field. In addition to all kinds of reprints the number of books originally published in this format is steadily growing. It looks as if our younger publisher was once more going to find a way out. What has happened?

A lot has happened for which a fairly small number of able and ingenious men deserve a great deal of credit, but there is one factor which is generally thought to be the most serious blow yet to the book business, and which may actually be the reason for its revival—that is, radio and television. By absorbing enormous amounts of advertising money these new means of communication have slowed the impetuous growth of the big magazines. The price of the big slick is no longer a problem for the public relations director; it's a matter for the treasurer. The book can again compete for the reader's change. Sales of a fair number of paper-back books are again beginning to approach the circulation of the lesser slicks and the publisher again has a chance that he hasn't had since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In this new situation the magazine distributors are finding that there can be a real profit in the distribution of paper-back books, and publishers are realizing that the old order of publication in cloth covers followed by a low-priced edition bound in paper is not always necessary or desirable. They are beginning to see a new and direct road to public opinion.

It is natural, then, that agencies are appearing which offer the publisher a way to participate in this new field which has hitherto been preempted by the reprint publisher. Now the general publisher, in the case of many books, may choose whether on the day of first publication he will see his new title on the newsstands or in the bookstores or both. We appear to be on the verge of great changes in the publishing world. The important factor is that those who are generally thought of as publishing the best in American writing and thinking can now if they choose reach directly over 100,000 counters to upwards of 10,000,000 readers.

What will America's writers say to this new daring possibility? Which of them will be listened to by the new audience? It's a tremendous chance for the publisher, for the writer, and for the reader. The next decade will tell us what they will do with it.

"Serious Problems Are Involved"

Another Publisher Warns of Dangers

CASS CANFIELD

Cass Canfield

THE book publisher who takes himself too seriously as a custodian of culture is always a joke and sometimes a menace. Yet the publisher's attitude obviously has an effect on the climate of writing and his function goes beyond finding ways to meet a payroll and planning the promotion of his current output. Like Janus he must look in two directions; he should take into account the tradition from which he springs as well as the need to keep pace with the changes of the future.

At the present time there are new trends in publishing which require the cool judgment of all those connected with the book business. They may affect the course of American writing and our cultural outlook.

In our time the two most important changes in publishing have been the development of book clubs and of reprints in the form of paper-covered books distributed through newsstands and drugstores. Both represent attempts — successful ones — to bring books to a wider public and to supplement the traditional system of distribution through bookstores. To date there is no solid evidence that these developments have seriously interfered with bookstore sales; it would seem that the resulting increase in the number of book buyers had offset the purchases of books outside of the stores.

Recently a new factor has been introduced—that of publishing *new* books in paper covers. So far these paper originals, as distinguished from reprints, have generally been of the low-grade fiction variety, sensationally presented for the mass market. But an attempt will shortly be made to issue books of some quality simultaneously in paper covers and in cloth-bound editions.

Whether or not the new experiment succeeds, it is an interesting departure which will be observed closely by all those concerned. In the uncertainty of the existing situation one thing seems clear. There are elements involved here that could well influence the standard of literary output in the years to come.

Authors, agents, and publishers are naturally questioning whether the publication of paper originals having some literary quality will be successful. Time will supply the answer, but

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Hutch

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHEN that kindly, shy, and happily frustrated little man Percy Hutchinson, for many years the chief poetry-picker for the editorial page of *The New York Times,* died recently (May 14, 1952), there was at least one curio that the *Times* didn't mention in its obit. Long before he actually joined the staff of the *Times,* Hutchinson was one of its most faithful and frequent book reviewers; and on this score he was invited in 1915 to join a club of young editors and journalists who called themselves (always in lower-case) "the small fry." They met, once a fortnight, at Browne's Chop House, then opposite the Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway. Indeed I think that Frank Crowninshield, then warily screening possible members for his Coffee House, used to attend the small fry lunches to choose sprouts of social merit for his lively klatsch. Those whom he considered as Men About Towne (Charley Towne) were tapped for membership, and became too frisque for the humble fry. But there are still many, faintly browned off with the literary fashion of the Teens, who remember those meetings; at which some of the greatest poets of our our time (for instance Walter de la Mare and Vachel Lindsay) were honored long before they were whooped and holloaed by the Fallowfield Hunt.

Among the most courteous and noncommittal of members was reticent Percy Hutchinson. He was always embarrassed by the fact that the *Times* rarely spelled his name correctly; the overpowering fame of the great Australian musician Hutcheson perhaps accounted for that. Few of the members knew that this quiet fellow was even a Ph.D. from Harvard, and so imbedded in the traditional tastes of New England verse that he had even gotten into Bartlett as far back as the 1914 edition (and still there).

But I spoke of a curio in the demure dossier of Hutch, as he was always known. By some oddity of bequest he had inherited a part-ownership in a large and thriving saloon on West 42nd Street. Sometimes, after the small fry luncheon, I used to say mischievously to him, "Let's take some of the boys over to your groggery and have a drink on the house." The boys I had in mind were most probably such cavaliers of that era as Royal Davis, Guy Holt, Bob Holliday, Brian Oswald, Donn Byrne, Jack Kerfoot, Tom Masson, Gene Saxton. I mention only a few, of many, who have gone beyond print. It is natural and wholesome that the historians of the first half-century should have no interest in the energumens of our poor Teens. As some shrewd prof (I forget who) wrote in *The Saturday Review* a few months back, "The pantheon is now made up." Obviously, from the professorial or Penguin point of view, there are, say, eight or ten names that are mentioned by automatic arsis (not in Thorndyke-Barnhart; T-B has nothing between "arsenic" and "arson"; but these are both reviewers' work?)

Hutch, whose lovable small square face was quickly plastic for wrinkles of embarrassment and shock, would whisper a strong Harvard sssh. "Please don't tell anyone about my public house. It might get back to the *Times.*"

"Yes," I said, "they'd probably think it infra dig for one of their top reviewers."

"No, no, no; if the boys at the *Times* heard about it, the whole damn City Room would be over there asking for free drinks."

This, I repeat, was about 1915. The small fry went down the drain in 1917, when most of its members took to warfare. I still have the minutes, so carefully kept by Richardson Wright. I haven't looked at them in thirty years, but some day I shall. One of the founders of the small fry was given a Nobel Prize. But among the vanished members I remember none more happily than humorous and self-effacing old Hutch. How characteristic of him to take cover, in the last lonely years, in the electric anthill of Atlantic City.

Babies Are Still Here

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

STEP EASY! In this ancient house,
Though doors are off the sill
And glass is gone from the window-sash,
Babies are sleeping still.

Step light!—Their mother is away,
They will take fright at you;
Everything in the world is strange,
Everything is new.

You would not want to wake these young
To babies' treble cries,
You would not want to see dark fear
Widen their wide eyes.

Though the rain has warped the floor
And ceiling lets in sky,
Infants still sleep safely here,
Gentle, warm, and dry.

Tiptoe to the parlor door,
Deep in infant-fleece
Five swallows with five golden smiles
Sleep on the mantel-piece.

Smile one smile, then slip away,
The mother'll soon be there
To feed these young housed briefly here
Who will inherit air.

Thank the stars a house so old
And leaning to its doom
Still can house the future well
In its best front room!

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Poetry. *This week, on the eve of summer, which is also by one of those paradoxes of the English calendar Midsummer's Eve,* The Saturday Review *publishes a number that places its accent on the oldest literary form. Gouverneur Paulding writes about two of France's great poets, Valéry and Baudelaire, in an essay on page 9. A profusion of original verse is scattered through the issue, and here are reviews of a number of recent books. Dylan Thomas, the Welsh bard whose likeness occupies our cover this week, is the author of "In Country Sleep," reviewed below. For nearly four decades Wallace Stevens has been leading a double life, as officer of a large insurance company and as author of eloquent, expertly finished verse. For a discussion of his latest volume, "The Man with the Blue Guitar," see page 19. Henry Morton Robinson, whose novels are read by millions, has long been trying his hand at poetry, too. Louis Untermeyer writes about his "The Enchanted Grindstone" on the next page.*

Lissom Celtic Tropes

IN COUNTRY SLEEP, AND OTHER POEMS. By Dylan Thomas. New York: New Directions. 34 pp. $2.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THESE poems should be read aloud, preferably by Dylan Thomas himself (as anyone who has heard Thomas read will agree). For of what the poems in "In Country Sleep" remind us, first, is that poetry is above all an aural art, addressed not only to Wordsworth's "inward eye" but also to that inner ear upon which these cadences may burst in splendid pyrotechnics.

One of the virtues of this experimental poetry, indeed, is that it holds onto, or recaptures, some of poetry's best traditions. New, it is still rich with old art which retains the power to excite an audience: with the Biblical rhythms which still survive in Welsh speech, with the discoveries and rediscoveries of Gerard Manley Hopkins (and behind Hopkins, George Herbert, that other fine musician in words). Yeats, too, whose survival in the tone and language of Thomas's "Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night," suggests that the late (but by no means lost) leader of the Celtic Revival in Ireland helped to father, among other things, this new Celtic dawn.

"In Country Sleep"—the Welsh poet's third publication on this side of the Atlantic—is a brief volume whose brevity is artfully disguised through the agency of large type and the device of heavy Kilmory paper-stock. Nevertheless, this reader at least is prepared to admit that the six poems contained herein are worth their weight in leprechaun gold. (Mr. Thomas will, I hope, forgive this second reference to a feature of a fellow Celtic country.)

To an Elizabethan richness of language, the poet marries (forgive also the parody!) a "wild Welsh wind," "from whose unseen presence the leaves dead / Are driven." Indeed, the Shelleyan picture, with its apostrophe to "the impulse of thy strength" and "O, uncontrollable!" seems providentially apt to describe this later Romantic, whose words seem to whirl off the page, whirling worlds in their whorls!

Never mind the famous Thomas obscurity. There is meaning enough and to spare in these poems, but, mark you, of the sort that defies translation into prose and therefore is true poetry. The immediacy through sound and symbol of the "hawk on fire in hawkeyed dusk" in "Over St. John's Hill," in any case, is as important as the death-theme, symbolized or made explicit, which echoes down the lines:

> . . . I who hear the tune of the slow,
> Wear-willow river, grave,
> Before the lunge of the night, the notes on this time-shaken
> Stone for the sake of the souls of the slain birds sailing.

Those who fancy the fashionable ambiguities may pause on the double meaning of "grave."

It is death again, inevitable yet not feared—as in his notable "Poem in October" written in the poet's "thirtieth year to heaven"—that informs the

Gerard Previn Meyer is the author of "Louder Than a Drum" and "For George Herbert."

THE AUTHOR: For a poet so often charged with obscurity, Dylan (pronounced "Dillan") Marlais (silent, except in "Who's Who") Thomas has been oddly explicit about his purposes as a poet. These he has defined as follows: "My poetry is . . . the record of my individual struggle from darkness towards some measure of light . . . To be stripped of darkness is to be clean, to strip of darkness is to make clean." This sounds remarkably sane for one about whom such words as "mad nonsense" and "madness" have been employed. Similar language has been applied to James Joyce and to the surrealists, and Thomas has been

linked to both—his autobiographical short stories are entitled "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog," an amusing switch on Joyce's title, and the surrealistic apocalyptic poets of young England make Thomas's writings their Bible. Thomas's own Bible, as is proper for a Welshman of Nonconformist bringing-up, is the Bible itself. He has also admitted indebtedness to Freud—his use of sexual imagery is basic—while asserting at the same time the greater possibilities poetry offers. Other influences are more literary and, in fact, more Welsh: Donne and Herbert and the other metaphysicals, who were mostly of Welsh extraction. That Thomas has the Welsh singing voice anyone can testify who has heard him read. Thomas is just thirty-eight, but already has nine books of poetry and prose to his credit; none of them has gone unnoticed. His formal education began and ended with Swansea Grammar School in the south of Wales; since then, he has been at various times a newspaper reporter, a "hack journalist," an odd-job man, a documentary film scriptwriter, a broadcaster for the BBC's Third Programme. During World War II, after having been rejected for more military duty, he served in the anti-aircraft. As a boy, he was "small, thin, indecisively active, quick to get dirty, curly"; more recently, he has described himself as "small, slim, dark, intelligent, and daring-doting-dotting-eyed." (The slimness has been disputed.) He is married (to the Celtic-named Caitlin Macnamara), has two sons and one daughter, and when in America stays as close to Third Avenue, N. Y. C., as circumstances permit. —G.P.M.

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brave music of "Poem on His Birthday." In this fine poem, written five years later than "Poem in October," Thomas tells how "Curlews aloud in the congered waves / Work at their ways to death," how "the rhymer . . . / Toils towards the ambush of his wounds": how all of animate nature flies, swims, walks, or dives toward death. Nevertheless, the poet "sings toward anguish"; "freely he goes lost," and he says,

> Yet, though I cry with tumbledown tongue,
> Count my blessings aloud:
>
> Four elements and five
> Senses, and man a spirit in love . . .

Probably not since Browning has so optimistic a spirit faced the certainty of earthly finality, confident "That the closer I move / To death . . . / The louder the sun blooms."

One of the elements of living that serve most to give him this confidence is the grand power of sexuality. In the title poem, in "Lament"—surely one of the least sorrowful laments that ever lusty poet penned—and in "In the White Giant's Thigh," Thomas affirms in a rush of images and sounds that "the daughters of darkness flame like Pawkes Fires still."

I began by suggesting that these poems should be read aloud, preferably by the poet himself. (There are such things as recordings, and public readings.) But, truly, these poems read themselves right off the page, or so it seems—and as the few but rich lines race and rage ("Rage, rage against the dying of the light"), one is grateful time and again for the mortality that can raise such perdurable voice against everybody's end.

A Sober Modern Lip

THE ENCHANTED GRINDSTONE. By Henry Morton Robinson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 107 *pp.* $2.50.

By Louis Untermeyer

THE versatility of Henry Morton Robinson is something for which Robinson the man-about-literature may be thankful but for which Robinson the poet can scarcely be grateful. Although he began with poetry—a first long narrative poem, "Children of Morningside," was followed by "Buck Fever," a collection of miscellaneous lyrics and sonnets—Robinson never commanded anything like a large audience until he became a highly successful novelist with "The Great Snow" and "The Cardinal," as well as a scholarly cryptographer with "A Skeleton Key to Finnegan's Wake." A third set of poems, "Second Wisdom," was little read and almost unreviewed.

"The Enchanted Grindstone" should serve to redress the uneven balance, for the best qualities of Robinson's prose—the fusions of intuition and experience, of observation and imagination—are condensed in his verse. It is not a fashion-cut or fancy or experimental verse; it plays no tricks, invents no new forms. It is, in tone and technique, well within the tradition, sometimes a little too suggestive of its indebtedness. But it is as thoroughly grounded as it is gratifying to read. It never lacks style; and if the emphasis is on grace, it is an elegance which has distinction without pretension. Except for a few unfortunate pages, the lines convey a felicity, an unusual concinnity which is, in itself, a mark of integrity.

The title-poem is a prime example of Robinson's skill. It reminds the reader of the nimble wit and light wisdom one finds in the couplets of Oliver Wendell Holmes; in fact "The Enchanted Grindstone" is a modernized "The Deacon's Masterpiece" with more serious overtones and deeper implications.

Here, as a significant example, are the concluding lines of the title-poem:

> Who has the wisdom to assess
> The green compulsions of the grass,
> The desperate ardor of the stone,
> So like the stars'. . . so like our own?

The same note of searching hope, of affirmation after the trial by existence, vibrates in another long poem, "The Bell Caster," which rises to a richly suggestive finality:

> . . . There is a glade,
> Sunless, uncarpeted still with fern or flower
> Where stone conspires with time to make a rose,
> And bells lie tongueless yet in unmined ore.

Besides the two important poems which begin the volume, there are other sections—notably "Eden of the Eaves" and "Cock-Crow"—which are equally fresh and felicitous. And several pages in "A Lyric Almanac" reveal Robinson in the unsuspected role of devoted pomologist whose heartfelt tribute is literally—if the pun is permitted—a *cri de core.*

It is too bad that Robinson, who is a selective and self-critical writer, determined to retain "The Honey-Bugler's Retreat," which is second-rate Masefield, and, worse, decided to place it between the limpid sonnets ("Nude: Renoir") and the clean-cut lyrics which follow. It is also regrettable that the author saw fit to conclude his volume with another semi-Masefieldian narrative, "The Pork-and-Beaner." But there are sufficient compensations. Robinson excels in alternately tart and tender interpretations of nature's variety and man's instability, of beauty's shifting moods, the mischievous mind, the impulsive heart, and the changing attitudes—and latitudes—of love. Without straining for effects, he accomplishes an effective union of light and somber tones, of playfulness and compassion and, not too seldom, a quiet but convincing intensity.

Louis Untermeyer has edited many collections of verse, including "Modern American Poetry" and "A Treasury of Great Poems."

Hampshire Autumn

By Christopher Morley

AND now we settle for the autumn drowse:
The bee, snapdragon-trapped, turns in and snores;
Dogs idle in mid-scratch; men gape like cows.
Ripeness is all . . . Lethargy is outdoors.

By harvest-shaven fields the old blue bus
At cottages and farm-lanes tremblestopping,
Missus heaves aboard, mornings all of us
Who trundle in to Lymington for shopping.

Tiles are newly gilt with pats of lichen,
Window plants and dahlias are ablaze,
Plum-and-wasp is boiling in the kitchen,
Oilywoite is Tennysonian haze —

And I remember, bumping on the road,
It was in Hampshire that Keats wrote the Ode.

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Seer's Triumph

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE GUITAR, INCLUDING IDEAS OF ORDER. By Wallace Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 188 pp. $3.50.

By Remy Devigne

THE new Stevens book is a "combined edition" of two books of poetry originally issued during the Thirties ("Ideas of Order" first appeared in 1935, "The Man with the Blue Guitar" two years later). The combination is perfectly logical, since the two books taken together represent Wallace Stevens's answer to the challenging questions of those years, and since the issues which were first raised in the Depression decade are still to be resolved, its appearance at this moment in history is timely enough. Now that the "ideological war" has moved into a rather warm "cold war" phase, the poet's rueful comment in "Ideas of Order" that "Marx has ruined Nature / For the moment . . .," seems the very essence of understatement.

The very first poem in "Ideas of Order" showed Stevens en route from the luxuriant, nearly *dolce-far-niente* mood of his first poems (the "Harmonium" group)—from the South which symbolized this mood to the North, "a wintry slime / Both of men and clouds, a slime of men in crowds." Unlike other poets of his generation, however—those who made the passage from imagism to violent political involvement—Stevens never lost sight of the verities of the imagination. In fact, he maintained the uncomfortable (but best) position of "A most inappropriate man / In a most unpropitious place." He was, of course, a main target of the Marxists; what is not so generally remembered, perhaps, he was also under bombardment from the rightward New Humanists. (It was Stevens's "Anecdote of the Jar," in "Harmonium," which drew *their* fire.)

In any case, Mr. Stevens's "ideas of order," it was plain to see, did not include dialectical materialism, or statism of any sort. Taking cognizance of "these sudden mobs of men, / "These sudden clouds of faces and arms, / These voices crying without knowing for what," he inserted doubt like a torch into dreams of the Perfect State: "Whoever founded / A state that was free, in the dead of winter, from mice?" In terms as cogent as any orator has devised, he proclaimed:

As the man the state, not as the state the man.
But man means more, means the million and the duck.
It cannot mean a sea-wide country strewn
With squalid cells.

And of the illusory future, he asked:

In an age of concentric mobs would any sphere
Escape all deformation . . .?

Suppose, instead of failing, it never comes,
This future . . .

The image of the man with the guitar, Stevens's symbol for the poet with imagination, occurred first in "Owl's Clover." In the title poem of "The Man with the Blue Guitar" (which book had incorporated "Owl's Clover" on its way to the publisher), this image became central. Stevens's permanent theme—the interaction of the imagination with actuality—thus returned as his viable substitute for both the discarded faiths of the past and the deceived dreams of the future. The pattern of this poem was that of a running debate between the thralls of common reality, who insisted the poet play a tune "of things exactly as they are," and the poet-guitarist (who had said in "Ideas of Order" that "Crow is realist. But, then, / Oriole, also, may be realist").

Although he granted he could not lead anyone all the way to ultimate reality ("I cannot bring a world quite round, / Although I patch it as I can"), Stevens nevertheless reasserted his intention of playing his "serenade," "to bang it from a savage blue" of actuality. To those who still said, "Do not speak to us of the greatness of poetry," Stevens continued speaking. Why? Because

I know my lazy, leaden twang
Is like the reason in a storm;

And yet it brings the storm to bear.
I twang it out and leave it there.

Without a doubt, "The Man with the Blue Guitar"—a poem sustained through thirty-three sections, with an admirable purity of diction, and a metrical austerity new to many of Stevens's readers—is one of the best long poems of our age. And this combined edition of "The Man with the Blue Guitar" and "Ideas of Order" does, indeed, display Stevens's skill with "Poetry exceeding music," very often at its memorable best. My own favorite is "Academic Discourse at Havana," which reveals the wide range of his powers, from its sweeping surrealist opening:

Canaries in the morning, orchestras
In the afternoon, balloons at night . . .

through its passages of Shakespearean grandeur:

Jot these milky matters down.
They nourish Jupiters. Their casual pap
Will drop like sweetness in the empty nights . . .

to its tentative, but persuasive close:

This may be benediction, sepulcher,
And epitaph. It may, however, be
An incantation that the moon defines
By mere example opulently clear.

Surprise Visit

By Laura Benét

COME quickly, Love, for soon this silvery heat
Will have dissolved in night its fragrant air,
Leaving us to a dark malignant street
In a teeming city that throws her tangled hair
Around the throats of lovers. Wear a tie
That's wrinkled with experience, old shoes
Shabby with dusty journeys. Do not buy
Flowers to wither; bring me the good news
Of your own voice as sunny as dawn bells
And filled with humor that is sly and arch
Enough to waken late blooms in their dells
And kindle fires for a bad-tempered March.
Love is a country where two puzzled things
May mount again on long abandoned wings.

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Sonnet Surfeited

CASE RECORD FROM A SONNETORIUM. Poems by Merrill Moore. Drawings by Edward Gorey. New York: Twayne Publishers. Unfolioed. $1.50.

By A. M. SULLIVAN

IN THIS unique literary enterprise, Louis Untermeyer, John Crowe Ransom, Henry W. Wells, and William Carlos Williams stand back of poet Merrill Moore and artist Edward St. John Gorey, and kibitz as the sonnet is psychoanalyzed and disemboweled.

Merrill Moore has written more sonnets than any other person in the world, or to forestall challenge, more fourteen-line poems than any battalion of poets in any epoch in history. To the poets in the Petrarch and Wordsworth tradition, the sonnet has a formal and inflexible set of rules, moods, and diction. Many poets, testing an occasional skill in the difficult Petrarchian mold, have offended by minor shifts in rhyme. To the purist, Milton has offended and Spenser was an interloper.

In this brief space, one can neither do justice to, nor exact justice from, the assembled inquisitors of the traditional sonnet. In the first place, there is no relationship between the serious sonnets of Merrill Moore and the impertinent and delightful series of illustrations by Edward Gorey. After reading through the book twice, once for the drawings, and once for the poems, you get twice your money's worth—or at least an opportunity to be selective. These poems are a decided improvement over Merrill Moore's previous "Clinical Sonnets." The book also includes a sonnet from a previous volume, "The Noise That Time Makes":

The noise that Time makes in passing by
Is very slight but even you can hear it
Having not necessarily to be near it,
Needing only the slightest will to try:

It seems to me that the poet-critics assembled here have created a papier-mâché bastion which is now more significant than the gingerbread castle they are attacking. John Crowe Ransom makes the sanest statement about the virtuosity of Merrill Moore in his treatment of the sonnet. Henry Wells, in attacking Keats for infecting "English poetry with the illusion of poetic cultism," serves neither the cause of Moore or Keats. William Carlos Williams gets into the spoofing mood of the book, and salutes Moore for his cure of the sonnet from its ancient anemia. Louis Untermeyer, a

(*Continued on page 41*)

Fiction. *True, it has not been a distinguished spring in the field of fiction; but enough worthwhile novels have been published to keep most readers busy during the long and presumably less hectic summer days ahead. The reading lists drawn up by twenty-five newspaper book critics printed on page 11 suggest more than fifty good novels which will make good hammock companions. This week we review three books which the critics recommend. Probably the best of these is Godfrey Blunden's terrifying and thought-stirring picture of the Ukraine, "The Time of the Assassins" (page 21). Equally grim and almost as important is Hervé Bazin's depiction of one soul lost in contemporary France, "Head Against the Wall" (page 22). "The Jehovah Blues" (below) will interest—but probably disappoint—those who have followed Marguerite Steen's Flood trilogy. . . . Readers fond of spotting talent in the bud will revel in "American Vanguard: 1952" (page 21).*

Tin Pan Alley Gets Bristol Cream

JEHOVAH BLUES. By Marguerite Steen. New York: Doubleday & Co. 282 pp. $3.50.

By HARRISON SMITH

ELEVEN years ago Marguerite Steen's prodigiously long picaresque novel of the slave trade, "The Sun Is My Undoing," captured for a time almost as many readers as "Gone with the Wind." It embraced strenuously three generations of a family of lusty British shipowners and ranged from Bristol to the African Gold Coast and the plantations of Cuba. It is perhaps unfortunate that Miss Steen, unlike Margaret Mitchell who refused to write a sequel to her magnificent novel, could not leave the declining fortunes of the Floods alone. With her latest book, "Jehovah Blues," it has wound up as a trilogy, and it is perhaps equally unfortunate that its central figure is a woman, since this talented story-teller is not at her best in creating characters of her own sex.

Beautiful Aldebran Flood is the last of Matthew's descendants, a highly successful popular novelist, though she still keeps one eye on what remains of the old firm after the first years of the Depression. The Marquess of Mildenhall owns most of the stock; and his son, who has the unlikely name of the Honorable Orlando Sax, ardently hopes to marry her in spite of her mother's vulgar ancestry and her career in the London music halls. Instead, Aldebran comes to the United States in 1931 for a four-months' lecture trip. The reader begins to suspect a mystery when this talented and vivacious young woman begins to haunt the hot jazz dives in every city she visits. She is searching desperately for the composer of "Jehovah Blues," with whom she had a love affair in Paris when she was seventeen.

Actually, the theme of the novel stems from the sense of guilt inherited by the last of the Floods from her family's merciless trade in African Negroes consigned to America and Cuba early in the nineteenth century. This guilt-complex has already resulted in the marriage of one of the early Floods to an emancipated slave. Aldebran comes across more results of miscegenation, and in a violent manner, after she has given up lecturing to women's clubs and is staying with friends in a remote plantation in the Deep South. The young daughter of the family, a precocious nymphomaniac with dark blood in her veins, is flirting with the mulatto overseer who passes for a white man. There is a riot and bloodshed to which Aldebran contributes by killing one of the attackers.

Aldebran's feverish search for her musical lover ends at last in Paris when she discovers him, a sodden creature, a "white Negro," in fact, who had fathered her dark-skinned child. The mystery of her search is solved at last, but there still remains the ever-faithful, aristocratic Orlando and the shares in the Flood Line. It is a good guess that Aldebran, after she has confessed her dark past and has been given absolution and the assurance of marriage, will turn from writing popular novels to running the company. After all, she is the granddaughter of old Matthew, and the Floods have been British shipowners for four generations. What happens to the Flood Line after 1931 will have to remain another mystery, unless Miss Steen gives her public a fourth volume.

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The Boot & the Sickle

THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS. By Godfrey Blunden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 375 pp. $3.75.

By NATHAN ROTHMAN

JUST TWO days ago, as I write, *The New York Times* carried a Paris dispatch headed: "Opposition Groups in Ukraine Crushed—Soviet Police and Army Have Crushed Nationalist Bands, Current Data Indicate." The data may indeed be conclusive this time, but in the light of recent history, and particularly in the light of Mr. Blunden's novel about the ordeal of the Ukraine during World War II, it is possible to place this data in perspective as the latest, rather than the final, word. The Ukraine had been occupied successively, during World Wars I and II, by the Germans and the Russians, and both occupying forces had bent their energies to the extermination of nationalist patriotism. The Czar, the Kaiser, and the Bolsheviks in turn devoted themselves to fierce repression. It is interesting to note that the Ukrainians were able, in the process of surviving one bludgeoning after the other, to discover which club they hated the most; for it is reported in this novel, as it has been elsewhere, that the Ukrainians, fresh from the Bolshevik embrace, welcomed the Nazi invader. They were disillusioned only by the stubborn and senseless brutality of the German S. S. men. It is exactly here that Mr. Blunden begins his story, as the Germans move into Kharkov in 1941, and he ends it two years later with the Russian "liberation" of the city.

Liberation is of course a euphemism, and meant to the Ukrainians the application of a force colder, crueler, and even more destructive (because it was more systematic) than that of the S. S. For the Communists grew and thrived, so to speak, in the bowels of their enemies. In the Nazi-occupied cities, in the forests filled with patrols, inside the army and the S. S. itself, there were disciplined cells of Communists, waiting, enduring, storing up dossiers on those citizens who even hesitated in their choice of masters as well as those who made the bold third choice of independence. Under this dual pressure, as between the arms of a nutcracker, the Ukrainians might well be expected to crumble and degenerate. Mr. Blunden shows us many of these —those who disappear into the Nazi or the Communist machine, to inform or collaborate; those who attempt to wear two coats at once, changing hue at every approach and forgetting at last what to say to which inquisitor; and those who hang limply, unable to move or choose, like the mouse in the maze. Yet the real protagonists are the totalitarians, the non-sentimental and amoral men whose individual and collective portrait Mr. Blunden has given us in the young Communist Fomin: a youth forged in fire and death of incalculable stone, moved by a logic that is not ours and an ethic alien to humanism.

Godfrey Blunden—"dark figure."

This novel, then, may be read for its study of the Ukrainian tragedy, or for its definition of the characters and tactics of the destroyers from east and west. One important footnote must be mentioned here that may well carry a significance as great as anything else in the book. It is a passing reference to the change of loyalty that has been observed so often in the beleaguered areas such as the Ukraine, the satellite states such as Czechoslovakia, in Germany itself. Stalinists have become ex-Stalinists and anti-Stalinists, shirts have changed from red to black, Communists have joined the Nazi bands and Nazis have become Communists. Men have asked, how can this be? just as one of Mr. Blunden's characters asks: "It is not, then, a matter of principle?" He is answered, "They embrace the principle because it justifies the method. It is the method which attracts." I have not seen this set down before. It substitutes—for the accepted belief that men are driven to embrace horrible means by virtue of an end they believe in—this: that men may actually be in love with the horrible means themselves, first and foremost; that any end, any party or shirt or program, will do provided it offers practice upon the dark figure of the enemy, in this time of assassins.

Home Base: 12th Street

AMERICAN VANGUARD 1952. Edited by Don M. Wolfe. New York: Greenberg Publisher. 325 pp. $3.50.

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

THERE is something like a little literary renascence going on quietly at the New School in New York City. Besides the representative work in this anthology, which is of unusually high quality, the writers in the group include four or five young novelists who have already published—William Styron, Leonard Bishop, Sigrid de Lima, George Mandel, and John Burress. I would guess there are just about as many more writers at this Athenaeum of Twelfth Street who are ready to be published.

It is a high percentage of professional talent—superior in numbers as well as in range of material to most of the better known colleges and summer schools of writing—and the selections in "American Vanguard" tell us something about the conditions which have produced this activity—real stories, novels, poems, and not theories of criticism. The contributors range from Helen Upshaw, born in Louisiana in 1928, and Diana Howe, born in Boston in 1931, to Mark Fisher, born in North Carolina in 1904, and Emily Burke Anderson, born in Chicago in 1899. There are at least three generations of writers at work here —some of them are just about to get married, and some have married children. Their backgrounds are immensely varied—Louis Chu comes from Toishan, China, Belle Dovbish from the Ukraine, Hillel Frimit grew up in Canada. Nothing could be more cosmopolitan than this collection—and nothing more American, if one may still use the word with pride in this period of restrictive immigration.

One more thing. The social-economic pressures and conflicts—out of vogue among the more fashionable young novelists and critics today, who cling to Henry James in the epoch of social revolution—are evident in these writers and their work as a natural part of life. J. Ernest Wright's excerpt from a novel deals with the Pittsburgh coal miners. Jacob Mevorach's story deals with a lower middle-class house-

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Maxwell Geismar is the author of "The Last of the Provincials" and "Writers in Crisis." The third volume in his series of critical studies will deal with the American novelists of the 1900's.

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wife who celebrates her birthday with a cheap abortion. Cynthia Johnson describes an absolutely mad interlude in the poverty-stricken hinterland—this story has a wild vitality that sets off the general tone of sobriety in the volume, perhaps too much so.

I miss, too, the thing you would think most natural among young—or anyhow new—writers: stories of love. Elizabeth Ashley has a nice, ironic tale of this type among rather elderly, church-going citizens. Charlotte Miller has an intelligent study of a deserted wife, abandoned to her fantasies. That is about all, and I have come to the conclusion that young people know least about the conflicts of passion—which is really perhaps a special province for the middle-aged.

I should mention Nelson Appet's "The Test" among the stories of childhood, however. It is typical of this volume—and of the New School environment—that another section of it deals with Americans in foreign lands: Italy, Costa Rica, Spain, New Guinea. Daniel Stern's "Conversation in Prague" is a particularly good piece in this area. The editor of "American Vanguard, 1952," Don Wolfe, contributes an interesting introduction to the third of these excellent New School anthologies.

Mad Rigors of Society

HEAD AGAINST THE WALL. By Hervé Bazin. Translated by W. J. Strachey. New York: Prentice-Hall. 255 pp. $3.95.

By Henri Peyre

FOUR YEARS ago, a young novelist, the scion of a very conservative and Catholic family from western France whose great man had been the very academic academician René Bazin, erupted into French letters. Hervé Bazin stood in revolt against all the social and ethical values of the French bourgeoisie and, with his brilliant and cruel "Viper in the Fist," depicted an unkind mother, fiercely hated by her sons. As usual, critics awaited his second volume, wondering if the new ascending star of French fiction would be more than a fleeting meteor.

His second novel, "Head Against the Wall," reveals that Hervé Bazin is a superbly gifted story-teller with a rich store of observation and a swift, staccato style. He prefers incisiveness to emotion; he eschews sentiment and moral preaching; he is, like many of his compatriots, much too intellectual and acidly ironical. His book seeks to provoke and it provides a bitter sort of entertainment. Its verve is admirable and his style has the lively alertness of the best eighteenth-century tradition.

Arthur Gérane, the son of a staid provincial magistrate, one day steals the car and the money of his father, wrecks the car and himself in an accident, and is sent by his family, fearful of the scandal, to a lunatic asylum. He escapes, is caught again after having committed other burglaries. His mother, in whom ran a strain of madness, had long ago committed suicide. His sister Roberte, the only person for whom he has any genuine affection, loses her reason during her pregnancy and dies in another asylum. Arthur at times seems like a normal individual in revolt against society and against his father's conventionality and selfishness. But he also suffers from curious fits of violent temper and a recurring and understandable temptation to escape from the prisons and prison-like asylums where he is confined. He marries a peasant girl one day, the only lovable character in the book. When he is once again arrested, she devotes herself unreservedly to him, but does not succeed in having him released. He escapes during the days of the French defeat and joins the refugees on the road, only to be captured again later. Since he has become paralyzed from a fall while eluding the police, he is left, as the book closes, a pitiful and decrepit victim.

The plot of "Head Again the Wall" is very slight. The portrayal of one more French family living in conventionality, mutual suspicion, greed, and hatred is hardly original in 1950. The characters are hastily if vividly sketched, and we never penetrate deeply into any of them. The humor of Bazin lacks the geniality of Marcel Aymé.

Nevertheless, this book throws light upon the way in which justice is rendered in a democratic and civilized country; a father, and then a family council, can condemn a son to confinement in a mental hospital merely to avoid scandal. Psychiatrists hardly come off better than magistrates, and only the minor officials in French asylums seem to have some humane sympathy left in them. In a sense, the book is closer to journalistic reporting and to factual description than to an imaginative work of literature. But the author succeeds in creating the atmosphere similar to that which Kafka's or Graham Creene's novels of hunted men have made typical of recent fiction.

The Earth Goddess Invokes the Autumn Instant

By Peter Viereck

THEN touch the park; the leaves are stained to lure you.
The leaves are spread on winds they fan before you.
They drained the summer, and their veins prefer you,
Dark with the season they are keening for.

Then bring the heavy dying they prefer.
Each painful fruit is hanging heavier.
Why pause when loveliness grows lonelier
And love is just as melting as it looks?
There's but one touch that all the ripeness lacks:
You are the instant; you are waited for.

Then never wait when flutes of foilage bear you
Home on the homeward tune they always bore.
Fear not at all the twigs of flame they bear.
These never meant to be a barrier.
The lovely are as lonely as their gleam,
The lonely just as loving as they seem,
The fruits as melting as they always were:
There is a fondling they are furtive for.

Then touch the park. The leaves have spread before you
The green they drained, the darkness they prefer.
Come to the leaves, reach out and touch them all.
Bring to the smoldering year, that hovers for you,
The hovering instant love is dawdling for:

There's not one blade that does not long to fall.

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Under the Knife

SCALPEL. By Horace McCoy. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 373 pp. $3.50.

By W. R. BURNETT

MR. McCOY'S new novel is a far cry from that excellent, terse, and well-known stunner of the Thirties, "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"—and I am not at all certain that I feel at ease with the new Mr. McCoy and his leisurely, mannered course.

"Scalpel," basically, is the story of a man in search of his soul. That he happens to be a high society doctor who has made a painful upward climb from the poverty and dirt of a small Pennsylvania coal town, is merely incidental to the main theme; as is the somewhat over-elaborate and rather too neatly worked-out plot.

The protagonist, Dr. Tom Owen, is the book. The other characters are hardly more than convenient shadows. Mr. McCoy has put all of his eggs into one basket—and that can be a very dangerous procedure for a novelist.

I can't quite make up my mind whether this is an old-fashioned novel or a new-fashioned one. Current novels deal largely with dupes and victims. Mr. McCoy's protagonist is a long way from being either; he is, in fact, a rugged individualist, and as many-sided as a Man of the Renaissance—a sort of Pittsburgh DaVinci.

Let me tell you about him. He is big, strong, handsome, virile. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, a fraternity man, and a great athlete—he personally defeated Cornell once with a well-placed place-kick. Not only that, he is an amateur poet, well versed in literature, and can quote obscure passages from some of Baudelaire's lesser known works. He is an expert on expensive automobiles, from Cadillacs to Hispano-Suizas. He can quote Skira on Utrillo—and it appears that he was once a personal friend of Picasso's. He was awarded the DSC for extraordinary bravery in World War II, and presented with a pair of pearl-handled pistols by General Patton—a pal. He is a gourmet; he is knowledgeable about women's clothes, well aware of the difference between a Mainbocher and a Dior; and he is a connoisseur not only of women but of wine—and he drinks Heidsick '38 and Moet et Chandon in his more expansive moments. On top of all this, he is a great surgeon, a genius with a scalpel, and is ultimately invited, in fact, implored, by the august Dean of Medicine, to become a full professor at Harvard.

When I inform you that this rather amazing protagonist tells the story in the first person I think you will see that here we have something very unusual indeed. In novels told in the first person, the narrators are almost without exception vague, colorless figures, modest, retiring. But our narrator, Dr. Tom Owen, makes Sir Willoughby Patterne seem like a very humble and self-effacing fellow. And yet this magnificent Renaissance figure suffers badly, if intermittently, from self-doubt; he has qualms; he even considers himself to be a dubious character at times, a hustler, a name-dropper (though you'd think, from the data given, that people would be dropping *his* name)—in short, he is frightened that he is a "phony". . . and from this weird disparity arises the real, it might even be said, the hidden drama of this strange and at times vivid and compelling book.

Of most current novels it can be said that there is less in them than meets the eye; with Mr. McCoy's novel it is definitely the reverse; and what is below the surface is the most important; but the difficulty seems to be that Mr. McCoy can never quite succeed in making us understand precisely what *it is.*

Fiction Notes

THE HOST ROCK. By Mary Frances Doner. Doubleday. $2.75. Miss Doner, who has mined the lake region successfully before, is up there again for her latest romance. This time we're in a Canadian town near the spot where uranium has been discovered and the place is crawling with miners, prospectors, investors, and swindlers. It is also teeming with a lot of disconnected plots. The main one involves Phoebe Rawlins and Bruce Winslow. Phoebe has had an unhappy love affair and it looks for a time as if she's going to have another one, what with the complications Miss Doner throws in her path and the machinations of that Paul LeBlanc. It all works out somehow, but don't ask me how. Miss Doner's construction in this one is so sloppy that you wouldn't be able to tell the players or what they were supposed to be doing even if you had a score card.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS. By Sara Ware Bassett. Doubleday. $2.75. Boy, what breakers Sara Ware Bassett has piled up for lovely heroine Laurel Hollingsworth to get beyond! In the very first chapter, after having flown from France, she has to travel by train from New York to Boston, alone and unchaperoned. And she only twenty. But that's only the beginning. There's Dad's troubles: flighty mother has run off heaven knows where and there might even be a divorce. And, as Miss Bassett puts it succinctly on page 45: "No breath of scandal has ever touched the fair name of Hollingsworth." Further, Laurel must run her father's household with the help of only a handful of servants. On top of that she must settle her own love life. You'll be happy to know that Laurel surmounts all these horrendous

(*Continued on page* 45)

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The Military Man in a Democracy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The place of the professionally trained soldier in a democracy has rarely been better defined than by Thomas K. Finletter, Secretary of the Air Force, in his commencement address at West Point. The editors have received permission from Mr. Finletter to publish as a guest editorial that portion of his talk dealing with the military man in a state governed by civilians.*

AN education has failed if it has not put into the mind of the student the incontrovertible fact that he knows very little, for a man who thinks he knows has ceased to learn. What a good education must put in a man's mind is the imperative urge to go on learning—learning not just the techniques of his job but the broader and thoughtful things that make a man really capable of the grand decisions. Your education will fail if it has not given you an insatiable urge to learn the broad things of this majestic civilization of ours—what is in the books of the past, in the newspapers of today, in art and music, and in philosophical thought. I have had the privilege of knowing many of the important military leaders of World War II and it is no coincidence that the men who have had the great battle records are men of deep interest in culture. The man who captured Cherbourg is likely to be—in fact he is—devoted to the arts and culture of the West.

There may seem to be no connection between the two talents, but I assure you that there is and that the military leaders of World War II are case studies which prove the point. They prove, I think, that the commander who fails to see why a study of politics is indispensable to a study of war, or why an officer should know something about the origin and development and basic assumptions of his own society and of other societies, will also fail to grasp the importance of his own job of military leadership.

It is not enough, though, to drive on just with your intellectual education. You have been told for four years now, rightly, that you must be leaders. And the first requirement for leadership is character. This is again something that, though you may have it now, you must fight to keep and build in the years to come.

This is a time when the development in the striking power of weapons and, correspondingly, the changes in strategy and tactics are jumping forward by mutations, by leaps, and by bounds. It is your responsibility to see to it that our strategy and tactics keep pace with the dazzling development of science as applied to the development of weapons.

LET US look for a moment at the nature of this foreign policy of ours and at the high military content of it; for you must understand clearly what we are trying to do if you are to play your part in doing it.

The fundamental purpose of our foreign policy is to establish a world in which war will not exist—in which war and armaments, the things without which war is not possible, are controlled.

This keystone of our foreign policy, in a sense, has been forced upon us. In the past, the nature of armaments was such that war was a bearable institution. It is true that war often was the method whereby one nation blotted out another; and usually the concentration on war led to the eventual destruction of the victor as well as the vanquished. But within recent history—say within the last 500 years—wars have not necessarily meant the destruction of the nations which participated in them. Indeed, some nations have regarded war as a mere extension of foreign policy. They have said that war was the way to accomplish their destiny.

And then, too, we passed through a phase, largely during the colonial periods of the great powers and during the rules of the family dynasties in Europe, when war was a device for the expansion of the power of a vigorous nation. It is within the memory of all of us that well-meaning men have spoken of good wars and bad wars.

I submit that all this is no longer tenable. The advances in science, and particularly the advances during the period from 1939 to date, have been at such a fantastically rapid rate that the great powers now have weapons so devastating in their nature that it is highly likely that both sides will destroy themselves, or at least the essence of their civilization, if they should ever go into all-out conflict.

Necessity, therefore, has made it im-

Herschel Brickell

IN THE death of Herschel Brickell *The Saturday Review* has lost one of its earliest contributors and most faithful friends. Mr. Brickell began his reviewing on the *Literary Review* of the old *New York Evening Post*, of which he himself was later for a time literary editor. When the newspaper changed hands and the editors of the book section founded *The Saturday Review of Literature* he continued to write for them, contributing many critiques of works of fiction, and, as his knowledge of Spanish affairs grew, reviews of books on and of Spain and Latin America. Born in the Deep South, Mr. Brickell came to New York after an apprenticeship on newspapers in Florida and Mississippi and, though up to the time of his death he had never lost interest in his native state (he was at work on a book on Natchez when he died), he never returned there to live. He was remarkable in the completeness with which he divested himself of sectionalism and sectional prejudices. His liberality of mind, his generosity of spirit, and his gentleness of nature endeared him to a host of friends. —A. L.

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perative that the prime objective of the foreign policy of this country be the doing-away of the institution of war as such. But more than this, such is the wish of the American people. The American nation was founded and built by people who wanted to get away from tyranny and from the constant bickerings of rival states and, protected by the peculiarly happy geographical location of this country, we have been able to do so from the birth of the nation until the beginning of World War I—with the unhappy exception of the Civil War among our own people.

So that when the United States was unwillingly driven into the two great World Wars of this century, and reluctantly took up the role of world leadership, she did so with the firm determination to create a world of peace.

It was a real American who insisted at the end of World War I that the nations should bind themselves together in an international organization to see to it that this dreadful thing should not happen again. It was under American leadership at the end of World War II that the successor to this international organization —again with the same high ideals— was set up.

Unfortunately, the great powers of the world did not see eye-to-eye on this problem of peace. Now we are facing a time when the building up of American and free world military powers is an indispensable element of our policy. But still the keystone remains. It is still our prime purpose to create that world of peace which we sought at the end of World Wars I and II.

Our military force is being built on the hope that it will never be used. Indeed, if it has to be used, it will have proven to be a failure. We often hear the phrase "deterrent force." These are cold words and do not represent the intensity of the ideal which is behind them. What we are trying to do is to have in being at all times a force so strong and capable of such immediate application of power that an enemy seeking war would look at it and say, "This is not a good thing to take on. It will hit us too hard if we take it on, and we wouldn't be able to destroy it anyhow. I guess we had better not try it." And back of this force is the ideal that if we keep it long enough and steadily enough, the world—even the most unlikely parts of it—will see there is no go in trying to conquer by force and will come around to sanity and to an enforced foolproof system of disarmament.

The idea of having such a force is,

(*Continued on page 44*)

Anisfield-Wolf Awards

AN award which is widely enough defined in the intention of the donor to permit of occasional deviation from its specific terms is infinitely more useful than one which must adhere to a rigid scheme. It is one of the special merits of the Anisfield-Wolf Awards, established by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, in memory of her father and her husband, that though created to focus attention upon racial relations in the hope of contributing to their solution, they may be bestowed upon works which approach that subject tangentially as well as directly. The awards, given under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review*, consist of two prizes of a thousand dollars each; in the past they have been given to fiction and to sociological interpretations. This year the award committee, composed of Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University, chairman, Professor Ralph Linton of Yale University, Amy Loveman of *SR*, with Henry Seidel Canby of *SR* as honorary chairman, has struck out in a slightly new direction in bestowing one of the two prizes upon a book which is not a novel nor yet a problem-study but a work that is part travel adventure, part personal philosophy, and only incidentally concerned with race relations. The other prize has gone to a volume more scientific, a consideration of the interaction of ethnic and racial groups. The first is "Venture to the Interior," by Colonel Laurens van der Post, published by William Morrow & Company, and the second, "Race Relations," by Brewton Berry, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Of "Venture to the Interior," reviewed in *SR* in the issue of November 10, 1951, Professor Fairchild writes:

"It is very difficult, almost impossible, to give an adequate conception of Colonel Laurens van der Post's book in the brief compass of a dozen lines, because it does not fit neatly into any of the familiar categories of literature. To say that it is the report of a man with extraordinarily diverse qualifications, sent by the British Government to explore two vast and virtually unknown areas of Africa, is to state the bald fact. But how can one reveal the maturity of philosophy, the delicacy of perception, the sensitive reaction to the beauties of nature, and the wide reaches of the human spirit that are displayed on every page of this amazing book? It would be hard to improve on the summary presented on the dust jacket of the volume: 'This book is an extraordinary combination of physical action —exciting, fast moving, full of suspense—and a deep spiritual experience of universal significance in these turbulent days.' And it is beautifully written."

It is the scholar to whom Dr. Berry's "Race Relations" will make the strongest appeal, but the layman who seeks understanding of the maladjustments, the conflicts, and the problems between peoples which have stained the history of the human race and which underwent such tragic acceleration in recent years will find the book of high interest. Of it Professor Linton says:

" 'Race Relations' is the most comprehensive and straightforward analysis of the problems of racial conflict which has yet appeared. Dr. Berry has brought together the data which has been gathered on this subject by historians, anthropologists, and sociologists and presents it with clarity and insight. Although the book is oriented to the American scene, the incidents which illustrate his points are drawn from many parts of the world and various periods in history. The problem is a timely and pressing one since the colored people all over the world are in revolt against white imperialism and colonialism, but it is also a problem as old as civilization. Mistreatment and discrimination have arisen wherever there has been contact between groups who differ racially and culturally.

"Dr. Berry writes with the accuracy and detachment of the scientist, with no special pleading for any group, no pat solutions, and no blueprints for reform. He offers a thorough and dispassionate analysis of the problem, discussing the various ways in which the conflict has been met in different societies. Dr. Berry feels that there is no single or permanent solution for race problems, but a society in which democratic ideals flourish has the best chance of making a satisfactory adjustment to this age-old conflict."

To be considered for the award a copy of a book in published form should be sent to each of the judges: Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, N. Y.; Professor Ralph Linton, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., and Miss Amy Loveman, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

—A. L.

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Men of Extremes

▸ I HAVE READ fourteen reviews of the Chambers book in the first week, and my prize goes to Prof. Schlesinger [*SR* May 24]. The men of extremes fly from one extreme to the other. I could compile quite a list of Communists I have known—some of them long before they had taken that label, or before the label existed—who argued furiously against the idea that Socialism might be attained by democratic political action. Now I know them as equally vehement Catholics, Quakers, mystics, and/or Republicans, arguing like Chambers that the New Deal is an "ice-cap" of advancing Socialism, and that it and Communism are alike incompatible with personal freedom.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.

Emotionless Intellectuals

▸ . . . RICHARD B. MORRIS makes a striking statement: "Despite a veneer of intellectualism, Chambers is a man of emotions." This statement seems to imply that an intellectual may not have emotions.

It has been my observation that persons who profess to have eliminated emotion or "sentiment," as it is stigmatized at times, have eliminated only certain emotions. While they may have overcome mother-love and sympathy and even sexual love, they usually retain some form of envy or antagonism or allied emotions. I find Mr. Morris himself does not exhibit a wholly detached attitude toward Whittaker Chambers.

It is possible that Mr. Morris's statement is more revealing than he intended. Do the "intellectuals" consider themselves above emotions? If so, what are they living for?

NOEL M. LOOMIS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Serving the Enemy

▸ THE U.S. is now in danger—and much to the advantage of its enemies—of taking sides too emotionally and seeing either black or white, just as the author of "Witness" wants us to. My correspondence with him makes me believe that he is sincere and rightly embittered about the smear campaign that accompanied his sudden, though belated, confessions. But with his own attacks on liberals he has forged a weapon that will be used by all the old humbugs of reactionaries in numberless whisper-campaigns against much more innocent people than Mr. Chambers ever represented.

Though Mr. Chambers has written a book of confessions, he is far from the human humility that we all need. It is straight blackmail in my opinion to force upon citizens of the twentieth century that alternative "Man with God" and "Man without God." Converts certainly become dangerous when they feel the need of proving their conversion. Does Chambers really think that he who refuses to go to the special Canossas of Budenz or himself should be investigated? If Chambers is quoting the Bible between his lines where it says: "Who's not for me, is against me," we will answer him with the better word of the same great figure: "Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servants, even as I had pity on thee?"

Discouraging liberalism when it is most needed serves the enemy. I do not think that Chambers has done a favor to a confused time by confusing it more with his hectic notions.

GUSTAV REGLER.

Cuernavaca, Mexico.

"Will Henry Canderton succeed in his fiendish plot to poison his wife? Does Joan Filstrop succumb to his wiles? What grim tragedy haunts Muddley Manor—?"

Original Sin

▸ CERTAINLY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. has presented in the last few paragraphs of his review of "Witness" a testimony which has a right to be considered on its own merits and independent of the opinions of Mr. Chambers.

Schlesinger is gravely disturbed with the thought that belief in God in days gone by, and indeed in our own times, has been no guarantee against that most enormous of sins, pride.

No one who claims an acquaintance with history can gainsay this last, and theologians will be tempted to remind us that it was the same pride which explains the fall of the angels, as well, in fact, as the fall of man. Traditional Christianity has never maintained that a belief in God is an infallible protection against sin, whether it be pride or the grosser forms of immorality. In simple terms the basic problem is not one that touches God, either his existence or his essence, but an understanding of man, his creature. It will sound hopelessly antiquarian to say it, but the answer to the problem can probably be met under the title of Original Sin.

The problem of human life, in theological terms, is the struggle of the fallen nature of man to cooperate with the freely distributed grace of God and in this struggle to merit salvation. Humility, or a sense of "human limitation," does not come easy to us, but it is nevertheless an inevitable corollary of the relationship of God and man as creature and Creator. It will not be out of place to remind Mr. Schlesinger that for Christianity humility has always been the basis of the other virtues.

Some may consider it interesting that Dostoievsky is quoted by all sides of this question on the choice between "the rejectors" and "the worshipers" of God. It was this same philosopher who said that there were no such things in the world as atheists; men either worshiped God or they worshiped false gods, they were either theists or idolators. This surely reduces the choice for us. The question then is not, Shall we worship? but, Whom shall we worship?

(REV.) FRANCIS J. LALLY.

Boston, Mass.

The Great Tradition

▸ . . . IF MR. SCHLESINGER'S DEFENSE OF the New Deal is reasonably convincing, his criticism of religion is not. He seems to feel that Dostoievsky's Grand Inquisitor is typical of theologians of the Western Church. If he has any knowledge of the character of St.

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Francis of Assisi he makes no mention of it. To him the "conviction of infallibility" is practically certain to carry with it corruption—as one consequence of the "logic of Torquemada." But surely such a one-sided view of a great tradition is naive and bigoted. The medieval cathedrals and the Sistine Chapel are living evidence that there is more to religious faith than he implies, and surely he knows it.

JAMES S. MACMILLAN.

Ottawa, Ont.

Hypocrites?

▸ . . . HAVE WE NOT heard enough by now of this famous "atheistic Communism," in the name of which politicians seem to be striving for votes and clergymen seem to be striving for converts or for better attendance at church? The politicians are hypocrites who *are* striving for votes. Are the the clergymen hypocrites, too? In view of the fact that the majority of clergymen (as distinct from the majority of politicians, perhaps) are intelligent and well read, there would seem to be ample reason for bringing the sincerity of many of them into question. The propaganda of Christian fright has become so acute that I can scarcely pick up two consecutive issues of the daily press (which, in its turn, is striving for greater sales) without encountering some statement about atheism being opposed to our way of life. I am tired of it.

GRAHAM H. WHITING.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

Proved Guilty

▸ I AM A LONG and constant defender of the jury system (principally because I believe it is easier to fool one man than twelve). But this is the first time I have ever felt called upon to defend a jury for bringing in a verdict of "guilty." The jury system has been much maligned and is the repository of little faith, but, without exception, the exception taken heretofore was to the theory that it is better to free a guilty man than to convict the innocent. I assume that Wright knows there were two trials, two judges, two juries, and on both occasions the judge was convinced there was enough evidence to go to the jury, and the great majority of the jury was convinced that Hiss had been *proved* guilty "beyond a reasonable doubt." Apparently, only Wright, in Wright's judgment, was unable to understand the intricate evidence presented.

WILLIAM N. SNELL.

Fresno, Calif.

Character Assassination

▸ SCHLESINGER SEEMS greatly perturbed by the "character assassination" practised against Chambers, and so do Senator Nixon and John Dos Passos. They appear to believe that there was no character assassination against Hiss!

Maybe there was a character assassination but, if so, all that I saw emanated from Chambers himself, with the exception of certain brief comments by a physician or two about Chambers's instability and probably pathological condition. Since these possibilities were clearly indicated by the words and acts of Chambers himself during the investigations, I cannot see that they constitute "character assassination" or anything of the kind. In general, except for publishing his own words, at least in part, and the *opera-bouffe* antics such as the Microfilm Found in a Pumpkin, the press generally has been most kind to Mr. Chambers. He has, indeed, been glamorized by the slicks and now the Book-of-the-Month Club.

WHITNEY JOY.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Improper Use

▸ ARTHUR SCHLESINGER makes improper use of my name in the course of an argument with Whittaker Chambers over some of the views expressed in his "Witness." Mr. Schlesinger lists

me, along with Sir Robert Vansittart and James B. Conant, as supposed backers of the Morgenthau Plan for Germany. He bolsters his argument with a quotation from my writings and then asks: "Were Conant and Wolfe under Stalinist influence?"

His quotation is from an article written by me in 1942 and published in the now defunct magazine *Common Sense* in its issue of May 1943. My article was entitled "Stalin at the Peace Table." It gave not my views on Germany, but Stalin's views on Germany as expressed in various pronouncements and tactical moves made by him during the course of 1942. Since I was never at any time in favor of the Morgenthau Plan but from the outset wrote and spoke against it, I am annoyed at this illegitimate use of a quotation from my writings and would greatly appreciate the publication of this letter by way of correction.

Incidentally, I am mournfully proud of the article "Stalin at the Peace Table," which opens with the sentence: "To begin with, there may be no peace table." All its predictions have unfortunately been proved true.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE.

New York, N. Y.

▸ I DID NOT intend to imply that Bertram D. Wolfe ever supported the Morgenthau Plan; and I hasten to express my regret for writing so loosely as to give any one this impression. My purpose in quoting Mr. Wolfe was to point out that qualified observers during the war could conceive a hard policy toward Germany as an anti-Stalinist measure. Since this was the case, it argues against the notion curiously prevalent today that all who favored the Morgenthau Plan were Stalinists or Stalinist dupes. My apologies to Mr. Wolfe for not making clear my reasons for quoting him in a paragraph which also included the names of actual backers of the Morgenthau Plan.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Boston, Mass.

Textbooks

▸ IN YOUR RECENT textbook symposium [*SR* April 19] Kenneth Colegrove makes a highly prejudiced attack on "Our Changing Social Order," a high school textbook on contemporary problems by Gavian, Gray, and Groves. If you will compare his criticisms with the text, you will find that all of them are groundless or grossly exaggerated.

Conservatives are not attacked, either on page 59 or on any page. This charge is without foundation.

Mr. Colegrove asserts that on page 253 there is a "dishonest condemnation of advertising." On that page there is not a single word about advertising. In fact, the book does not anywhere deal with advertising as such.

The claim that the book "presents a one-sided argument for socialized medicine" is equally false. Medical care and health insurance are discussed in thirteen pages. The term "socialized medicine" is not used by the authors, nor do they take sides for or against compulsory health insurance.

The charge that the book contains a biased review of economic planning is extremely unfair. This section is in no sense a review of economic planning but a brief discussion of steps that might be taken to prevent or counteract a depression, in line with the National Employment Act of 1946.

Finally, there is not a shred of evidence to warrant the critic's charge that the book is "Socialist-slanted" or "leftist." The use of such terms seems to me like a deliberate attempt to damage the reputation of the authors and the publisher. Great damage can result from a slanderous attack upon a textbook. It is through the unjustified use of such smear words that the *Educational Reviewer* has fed fuel to the flames of the book-burning that threatens to sweep over the country. That Mr. Colegrove should be willing to serve as an educational advisor for this publication does him no credit.

RUTH W. GAVIAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Superiority of Women

▸ RE ASHLEY MONTAGU'S thesis ["The Natural Superiority of Women," *SR* Mar. 1]:

So now we're all brought up to date
On values, sir or madam;
And to think that I had swallowed whole
That story about Adam!

When man was first created
No *super-femme* was there,
For Eve, the story plainly states,
Was made from Adam's spare"!

BLANCHE MULLEN.

Lowell, Mich.

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Seeing Things

LANGUAGE, LEGAL & LITERARY: PART I

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of two instalments based on a talk given by John Mason Brown at the dinner of the American Law Institute in Washington, D. C., on May 23, 1952.*

AT THIS moment I understand more fully than I ever have before what Percy Hammond meant when, writing about some happily forgotten play, he said that in its presence he felt as out of place as an Elk at Oxford. I face you quakingly as a DP, untutored in your language and addressing you in a tongue which to some of you may seem foreign.

In the past you have demonstrated your wisdom by limiting your speakers to lawyers and jurists. I am honored to follow them, humbled by the remembrance of their distinction, and more frightened than it would be manly to admit. Surely, on the damaging evidence of my presence, the American Law Institute has decided to turn this evening into a kind of "Amateur Night." No less surely, if I may use a word which has been occupying the attention of the Supreme Court and the country, the judgment of your president has for once, and once only, been the victim of a "seizure." For I am here as what Justice Cardozo called an "uninitiated interlocutor."

Although I come from a long line of lawyers, certainly my knowledge of the law is anything but professional. It is, I am afraid, largely derived from Portia, Dickens, Galsworthy, Edmund Pearson, William Roughead, and such melodramas as "On Trial," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." There is a reason for this which might as well be confessed at once. By employment I am a critic and a writer. I am, in short, what is sometimes identified as a "word-man." But you are "word-men," too. This is one of the things we have in common, regardless of how much the language as we choose to use it may sound as if it had been taken from different dictionaries.

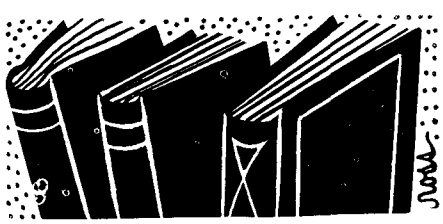
The mention of word-men leads me to Gertrude Stein. She was a word-girl, and a wise one. Although she could write clearly when she wanted to, she sometimes eluded being understood as successfully as if she had been a lawyer. In a recent critical study Donald Sutherland has given an unforgettable account of Miss Stein's death. He tells us, "Just before she died, she asked, 'What is the answer?' No answer came. She laughed and said, 'In that case, what is the question?' Then she died." I know of no better proof of Miss Stein's wisdom, which was part of her originality.

I will not be able to give the answers this evening. But, at least, I know the questions I am trying to find the answers to. My endeavor will be to touch upon the differences and similarities between the language of the law and the language of literature. Yes, and to discuss the means, the goals, and the obligations of good writing in both fields.

With all my heart I wish what I have to say here were as worth saying and said as well as what Catherine Drinker Bowen said in "The Lawyer and the King's English," that brilliant paper she read in Philadelphia in 1951 before the Brandeis Lawyers Society. Mrs. Bowen pointed out that, though "you and I—the lawyer and the writer—do not, actually, belong to the same species, at least we can be classified under one genus . . . ARTICULATE MAN." Lawyers and writers, she added, are "interested in the techniques of utterance, and in what lies behind utterance—INTENT: the motivations of man."

In Mrs. Bowen's fashion I am concerned tonight with the shared articulateness of lawyers and writers, and the different techniques of utterance we so frequently employ. Perhaps Washington, D. C., is not the ideal setting for a discussion of the nuances, the beauties, and the noble possibilities of language. Anyone attempting such a discussion here is bound to resemble a preacher who has strayed into the pulpit of a church of another denomination.

For surely in no free area of the earth are there more men and women crowded together who daily do more damage to language than in the Government bureaus of Washington. So far as the beauties of language are concerned, they form a wrecking crew. Their talent for misusing it, for making it drab, ugly, or deliberately incomprehensible can only be described as genius. Yet, in spite of those responsible for the gibberish of Governmentese, some of the truest eloquence this country or the world has known has been produced by those working for the Government in high and varied stations in this very city.



Among the troubles with Washington from a literary standpoint is that it is a place where a writer does not have to be dead to be a ghost. The scale and absurdity of Washington as a ghost town was indicated by Yale's president, A. Whitney Griswold, when a few months back he spoke to the National Booksellers Association in New York. Mr. Griswold had learned with proper dismay that in Washington a university was about to open a course for ghostwriters, who "will be taught to write in such a way that orators will understand at all times what they are saying." There are more than 150 such writers on the top level in Washington alone, an official of that university declared, and most of them have a hard time adjusting their talents "to fit the mental and oratorical capacities" of the men for whom they are writing.

SPEAKING words that others have written, having a voice but no style of your own, may be a necessary practice for overworked officials. But one thing it is not—and that is authorship. An author's style is his written voice; his spirit and mind caught in ink. It is as individual, hence unmistakable, as the cadences of Winston Churchill, a government official who, however overworked, has never failed to make himself heard in print. Mr. Churchill must also have had suggestions submitted to him by scores of experts, but what they have suggested he has possessed. And as surely as possession is nine-tenths of the law, possession (in terms of one's own very personal usage of language) is ten-tenths of authorship.

The late Alexander Woollcott was fond of describing himself as an ink-stained wretch. All of us, writers and lawyers alike, are ink-stained in our different ways. "Ink-stained" brings to mind another kind of wretch, one that offers a warning to us all by his ugly, if protective, habits. I am thinking of the squid which releases his home-made ink for the sole purpose of creating obscurity. You, as lawyers and

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judges, have, of course, never been guilty of such a practice any more than have we, the unbenched and ungowned writers. Clarity is one of our joint aims, at least I assume it often is.

Over a revolving door in the Ritz Hotel in Boston there is a sign printed large which reads, "This door is not an accredited egress." A squid or a bureaucrat could have written that. It is not a sentence which perpetuates the literary tradition of Emerson, Thoreau, or William James. As language, it could be said to represent the deflowering of New England. Unfortunately, there are those who, because they do not like the law and are confused by its terminology, would be willing to mistake such phrasing for standard legal usage.

Let us face the truth. Critics and lawyers have more things in common than their addiction to words. We have detractors, if not enemies; men and women who, oddly enough, do not dote on us and have attacked us with eloquence. Precious little criticism has been as sprightly or vivid as the abuse it has provoked. I could cite a hundred treasured phrases which creative writers have used to castigate reviewers with the understandable scorn that Man-o'-War would have shown had he, in the long and fruitful years of his retirement from the track, been judged by a jury of geldings. Let me content myself with repeating one of my favorites, Maxwell Anderson's dismissal of New York's drama critics as "the Jukes family of journalism."

YOU who have crossed the bar also have your belittlers. Some of these feel your gift for obfuscation is such that Prince Hal must have had you, rather than Falstaff, in mind when he said, "How now, my sweet creature of bombast?" Burton in "The Anatomy of Melancholy" was another of your depreciators. "Our wrangling lawyers . . . are so litigious and busy here on earth," said he, "that I think they will plead their clients' causes hereafter,—some of them in hell."

I regret to say the picture of the law most securely hung in the minds of many people is scarcely a flattering likeness, if indeed it be a likeness at all. It is—you must remember it—the description in "Bleak House" of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, that "famous scarecrow of a suit," which over the long and dragging years had become so complicated that no living man knew what it meant. What were the symbols Dickens chose for the law and its processes? It pains me to state—fog, and gas. "Fog everywhere, fog up the river . . . fog down the river—gas looming through the fog in divers

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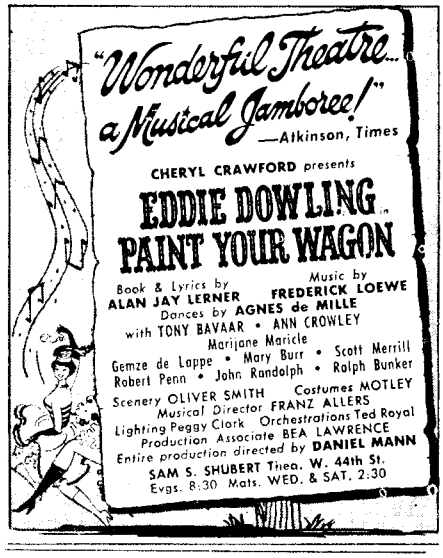
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streets—never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep" as "some score of members of the High Court of Chancery . . . are mistily engaged in one of the ten thousand stages of an endless cause, tripping one another up on slippery precedents, groping knee-deep in technicalities . . . and making a pretense of equity with serious faces, as players might."

That is the popular conception, or shouldn't I as your guest say misconception, of the law held both by the law's victims and the clients of lawyers, if a distinction from the layman's point of view can be made between the two. Like Shakespeare's reputation and Shaw's, this notion of the law is built, in the phrase GBS used to describe his own fame, "fast and solid . . . on an impregnable basis of dogmatic reiteration"—and, no doubt, some truth.

Dr. Johnson refused to subscribe to such an idea. He came to the defense of your profession. "It is unjust, sir," he rumbled to Boswell, "to censure lawyers for multiplying words when they argue; it is often necessary for them to multiply words." Authors have been guilty of the same indulgence, especially when paid space rates. Then they have been tempted to set down thousands of words they should have been paid to omit.

AT this point we are forced back again without choice to a consideration of words, hence to writers and lawyers as word-men. Words are a strange and tantalizing commodity. The mere twenty-six letters in our alphabet are responsible for the limitless variety and the full, fabulous range of our language, call it English or American. Gathered together in dictionaries, these words are available to everyone. They literally pine for suitors. They are like the suffragette of long ago who wanted something badly, and thought it was the vote. They yearn to be possessed. Yet they are used by each individual as differently as those individuals use life itself. They are either wasted or enjoyed, faced drably or approached with zest, accepted as routine or converted into that high adventure which is literature.

Certainly, most of what is written or published has no more relation to literature than ordering meals has to do with conversation. The businessman who dictates "Yours of the 15th inst. received and duly noted" is getting off a letter, but he neither seeks nor pretends to be functioning as a man of letters. Although he is employing words, his only interest in them is to transact business. If his answer were phrased in language such as Horace Walpole, Lamb, Shaw, Ellen Terry, or Thomas Wolfe might have used, he would soon be without a job. And rightly so.

In the same way, signs reading "Exit," "No Parking," and "Keep Off the Grass" fulfil their function admirably. They are as eloquent as they are meant to be. Yet, though they warn and inform us, they hardly inspire us. They feed none of the hungers which are among the excuses, the pleasures, and the needs of literature.

All of us sense the distinction between communication on the low level of utility and communication when it is raised to literature. The main Post Office in New York City supplies an illustration of these two extremes. Inside the building are signs for "Stamps," "Letters," "Parcel Post," "Air Mail," etc., and we are grateful for these directions. Outside, however, above the row of columns are carved those great, singing words of Herodotus, "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." Instantly, instead of leading us to a window, these words open windows for us on the challenges of nature, the concept of duty, and the invincibility of the human spirit.

Most of what we read in newspapers, magazines, or books is mere hack work. Most legal writing is drudgery of the same kind. Assuredly, drawing up a contract or a will is not an act of creative authorship. No one doubts the advisability, indeed the necessity, of both wills and contracts. Even so, preparing them must be as tedious as reading them for pleasure is impossible unless, above the dissonances of their English, can be heard the sweet music of the prospects of money. Those dreary parties, "the party of the first part" and "the party of the second part"; those ugly "whereases" and "aforesaids"; those strung-beads of synonyms, such as "give, devise, and bequeath," "rest, residue, and remainder," are not fashioned to delight. Their sole purpose is to make the document water-tight by closing up the chinks.

It is plain libel to assume, as some people do, that lawyers and jurists always employ English as if they were drawing up wills. Lawyers and jurists as writers do face certain dangers unknown to professional authors. They are excused from the necessity of entertaining and interesting their readers, and all too often—let's face the evidence—they take a cruel advantage of this enviable exemption. Nonetheless, some of the best writing that we have has come from the pens of lawyers and especially judges.

Experience itself, if only one has the ability to respond to it and translate it into words, is a better teacher of composition than our colleges know. Those who preside over courtrooms or argue in them cannot escape from life. They may not approach it as novelists, dramatists, journalists, or historians would, but they cannot duck it. This constant confrontation with the actual is what Dr. Johnson had in mind when he said, "Lawyers know life practically. A bookish person should always have them to converse with. Lawyers have what the writer wants."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

Broadway Postscript

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, after reading some relatively unexciting poetry to an audience at Circle-in-the-Square recently, asked if they would like to hear an unpublished short story he had brought with him. After a moment of polite applause, the diminutive Southerner announced, "Well, I'm going to read it loud, and I'm going to read it fast, and if I get tired, I'm going to quit." With this unpromising preamble, Mr. Williams began "Three at a Summer Game," which turned out to be as fine a piece of writing as the prize-winning playwright has done to date.

The story concerns one Brick Pollock, a magnificent man who, when forced to settle down after leading the high life of a campus hero at a Southern college, takes to drink. He loses his self-respect as his "noble" young wife takes over. Then one summer, Mr. Pollock engages in an extra-marital revel with a young widow, the rounds of which are interspersed with games of croquet, with the widow's twelve-year-old daughter completing the threesome. As a result of these doings he begins to regain his self-respect and control his drinking. But with his self-respect comes the assumption of responsibility, and with the assumption of responsibility comes a gradual return to his "noble" wife and to drink, and hence his final subjugation to the recapturing wife.

This paraphrase does not do the short story justice, for Mr. Williams has told his tale with all the delicate nostalgia that marked "The Glass Menagerie," and all the psychological penetration and irony of "Summer and Smoke." If "Three at a Summer Game" grows into a play, it might be the best new American play in many seasons.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

ROBERTA AND LYDIA

THERE was a line in the 1935 RKO musical "Roberta," as I recall it, that Randolph Scott repeated from time to time as he floundered through the Paris high fashion world: "I'm strictly a meat and mashed potatoes man, myself," he would say. The new M-G-M musical "Lovely to Look At" is based on "Roberta," and one point of distinction that immediately comes clear when comparing the progenitor and the offspring is that M-G-M wanted none of the wit, charm, and even a certain ratchety elegance that clung to the original Jerome Kern piece, and decided to dish up some ordinary meat and potatoes instead. In order to turn "Roberta" into an unexciting musical it was necessary to switch a pretty good story line into an extremely dull one. George Wells and Harry Ruby have accomplished this. It then needed some unimaginative directing, and Mervyn LeRoy supplied this element. Perhaps this handling of the fine old musical was due to the frank admission that neither Fred Astaire nor Ginger Rogers could possibly be replaced. Following this line of reasoning further we may now enter the producers' minds and watch the formulation: "Why not lick it by having two guys for the Astaire part, and two girls for the Ginger part?" Why not indeed? Thus we see Red Skelton and Gower Champion handling various aspects of Astaire, while Ann Miller and Marge Champion share Ginger Rogers. The only thing wrong with the idea, besides wrecking the story line, is that it doesn't work out very well.

By splitting up characterizations no one is left with very much to chew on. Even the Russian Princess that Irene Dunne played has been changed to one of those sweet-pretty-little-thing-who-sings parts that Kathryn Grayson plays in all her musicals. She tries very hard and sings very nicely, however, and you can't really not like her. She has Howard Keel, again, to romance her and sing to her. Thank heavens, very little of the score has been tampered with; that remains, and it still glows. Marge and Gower Champion handle the dancing adequately, but with no real flare, and there is the fashion show, naturally, with Adrian running wild and trying to show that he's every bit as good as those Parisian designers. My impression is that he would have been hooted off the Place Vendôme. To back me up on this I have the opinion of the woman in the seat behind me, who kept muttering: "Who could wear such a thing? Who?"

* * *

"Lydia Bailey" (20th Century-Fox) is one of those old-fashioned, technicolored costume dramas that used to come around just about as frequently as M-G-M musicals do these days. Blood flows like water in it, the villains are indeed villainous, and the hero and heroine are untainted, courageous, and weak with love for each other. I have had no acquaintance with the Kenneth Roberts novel that spawned the film, but I don't

Scene from "Lydia Bailey"—"the hero and heroine are untainted."

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think it matters just what book the screen play was built from. The plot would have been the same. A good deal of the filming was done in Haiti, some interesting native faces were used in a number of the scenes, and the colors of the foliage—including those glaring reds and greens one sees in Haitian "primitive" paintings—are pleasant.

The substance of the picture has to do with the Haitian fight for independence from France during the early eighteen hundreds, also with a pretty blonde girl, Lydia Bailey, ward of the powerful d'Autremont family. A young American, Albion Hamilton, arrives in Haiti at an inopportune moment in search of Lydia's signature for some kind of document. We see him braving jungle and fierce Haitian renegades to get to her and to persuade her to sign on the dotted line. She will sign, if. . . . Then he rescues her, while all hell breaks loose. (The French have arrived in ships.) They fall in love. There are other things mixed up in it too, like a voodoo ceremony, some conferences with the magnificent Toussaint, Pauline Napoleon, and some fine talk about freedom and equality, but I couldn't quite unravel it all. Nevertheless, everything works out quite well, and there is a lovely last line, reminiscent of one in "Quo Vadis," that has Albion inviting King Dick, a Haitian general, to come visit him and the wife in the States when things quiet down a bit. Anne Francis is Lydia, Dale Robertson is Albion, and William Marshall portrays King Dick; all three do well enough, considering the circumstances. Come to think of it, Lydia never did sign that document. Never any time for it.

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a British-made film about animals. (*SR* June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

5 *Fingers*: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

African Fury: A rather bizarre retitling for U.S. distribution of "Cry, the Beloved Country," with screen script by Alan Paton and starring the late Canada Lee. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

TV and Radio

I LIKE LIKE

THE conceivers of television programs are planning now for next season's entertainment. The period of gestation is the summer months, and a natural delivery is expected by Labor Day. I have had my eye to the keyhole and I can report that the expectant fathers are confident it will be a girl and a boy.

"What we want is another Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz," is the prayer of every network and advertising executive.

And so television, like radio before it, has haplessly, and so quickly, fallen into the futile trap of building shows LIKE other shows. Two years ago it was: "What we're looking for is another quiz master LIKE Groucho Marx." Last year it was: "We want a mystery show LIKE 'Dragnet.'" And this year the story is: "The people want a situation comedy LIKE 'I Love Lucy.'"

This comedy situation of creating a plethora of situation comedies is brought about by the fact that "I Love Lucy" has garnered what in the television business is considered a Pulitzer Award—a high rating. As a matter of fact, a Nobel Prize, since it has enjoyed the highest rating of any program on the medium; a footnote to our times which I leave to the less impatient to examine.

But for weeks now the men in high office have been calling for shows LIKE "I Love Lucy." Their logic is simple—nothing succeeds like success. And so far that's the way it has been. Absolutely nothing they have tried to date has succeeded like the successful Lucille Ball show. Not even the better written, more slickly-produced situation comedy which predates "Lucy" by a good year, the George Burns and Gracie Allen program, which has been handicapped in the ratings by appearing every second week, and in the unenviable time spot opposite the one and nobody LIKE Groucho Marx.

So, if you happen to know a couple whose life is one comedy situation after another, get in touch with your nearest television station. As a matter of fact the couple doesn't have to be married, just so they look compatible and don't mind being separated for a half-hour every week by a short misunderstanding and a long commercial.

Finding a show LIKE another show is not an easy task. This past season we noted the pitiful attempts by some of the ineffectual mystery shows to emulate the crisp dialogue and sharply-etched character closeups of "Dragnet," produced and starred in by Jack Webb. The call evidently went out for shows LIKE "Dragnet," and for a couple of weeks they made a college try for it on a show called "The Web." It was quite obvious they had the wrong Webb.

BEFORE that came the "furniture" shows—a table and three or four chairs, in which sat three or four people trying to guess something or other. "What's My Line?" became eminently successful and the search was on for shows LIKE "What's My Line?" One of these is "The Name's the Same." Others followed, and if they haven't yet, they will. There is always a demand for shows LIKE any successful show. And don't think it's an easy operation, this "What's My Line?" One of the features of this show is to guess the name of a well-known personality who is appearing on the program that night. And it's not easy to pack a w.k. personality into a trunk and deliver him to the television theatre so the panel of experts can't see him backstage before the show. But they do it every week over on Panel Two.

It is only natural, perhaps, that television with its rapacious appetite for material and ideas should seize upon the easy way out and build shows LIKE other shows. More often than not the original remains the more successful, while the show LIKE it struggles along until option time and is heard of no more. The only show which comes to mind that no show has been built LIKE is "Those Two," starring Pinky Lee. Every time I watch it I get the feeling that the whole thing is a typographical error. They thought they were getting Peggy Lee. Now that's more LIKE it.

—Goodman Ace.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

CAPERING AMONG THE COLONIALS

MUCH OF THE palaver about American history which the kids have been listening to in school all winter actually took place forty miles east of Richmond on a Virginia peninsula that sticks out into Chesapeake Bay. Being an old friend of the juvenile set, I'm for having you take the *kinder* down there and let them examine history right where it was manufactured. Pitching camp in Williamsburg, it is a short drive to one shore of the peninsula to see Yorktown and to the other to look in on Jamestown Island.

Just the other day I tested such an excursion in your behalf. I neglected, I regret to report, to take along my own juvenile inasmuch as history to him is yesterday's bottle and this morning's burp. But to all other purposes the journey was as typical as one you might take. The traveling around the peninsula indicated the necessity of a car, although Washington did well at Yorktown without one. The distance from New York to Williamsburg, on the other hand, indicated a long drive. This curious enigma was dispatched by flying an American Airlines Convair to Richmond in the length of time it takes to eat lunch, and then picking up an Avis drive-yourself automobile for the drive over a dual-lane highway to the Williamsburg Inn.

The facts, figures, and prices for this frivolity I shall reserve for a later paragraph. Suffice it to say we dumped our baggage, parked the car, and repaired forthwith to Chowning's Tavern, a restoration of the saloon which Josiah Chowning opened in the city of Williamsburg in 1766. A typical menu of Josiah's day, according to a bit of intelligence on the back of the present bill-of-fare, went like this:

Firft Courfe
Soop Lorain
Turbot broiled with Oyfters and Shrimps
Grand Patty
Hen Turkeys with Eggs
Marrow Puddings
Stew'd Carps and broil'd Eels
Spring Pye
Chine of Muttons with Pickles
Difh of Scotch Collops
Difh of Salmigondin

With their appetites thus whetted the eighteenth-century boys went on to attack as a second courfe, "fat chickens and tame Pigeons," fried sole, tarts, custards and cheesecakes, and a wide assortment of other tasty knick-knacks.

Capacity has shrunk and prices have inflated in an inverse ratio these last 150 years, and Chowning's current menu is a trifle more modest, though no less colonial. It serves Pecan Waffles "hot and new with Syrup and Butter," Oysters on the Shell "(in the proper seafons)," Brunswick Stew "Made from a Young Fowl with frefh Garden Stuff feafon'd to Tafte and ferv'd up hot."

Thus fortified by vitamins of the proper era one is ready to examine Colonial Williamsburg which, as everyone must know, has been restored lock, stock, and lamp post to the way it appeared when it was the capital of the Virginia Colony. All this has been accomplished at a cost that would strain the exchequer of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who, indeed, underwrote it.

It is pleasant Williamsburg sport to saunter along the Duke of Gloucester Street, popping into the restored shops, each of which has a bewigged shopkeeper in attendance to tell what things were like in the pewtering business back in 1760, and to sell you some small unnecessary that is reminiscent of the era. The apothecary's shop, for example, sells Scotch snuff. The ladies' size comes packed in a pig bladder, the men's sizes in a calf bladder. (A visiting urologist from Johns Hopkins dropped in one day, picked up a gourd of snuff, said, "What's this?" Answered his wife, "You ought to know. You operate on them every day.")

The pharmacist at the apothecary shop has a ledger indicating that Patrick Henry still owes a bill of one pound, four shillings, and eight pence, an indebtedness which at current interest rates has grown to $200,000. Other diggings in the original apothecary's archives have uncovered the proper rules for taking snuff: 1.) sneeze, 2.) spit, and 3.) blow your nose. A hair restorative of former days dispensed by the store called for installing twelve mice in an earthen jar and sealing the jar behind the fireplace. After a year the mice were to be removed, powdered, and mixed with

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enough bear's grease to make a salve. Users were cautioned to wear a glove when applying, a cogent bit of advice I pass along to anyone desiring to try the prescription today.

Williamsburg's restored print-shop does job printing for anyone desiring the old, one-at-a-time methods who can pay for them at today's prices. Aside from giving a demonstration of the old presses, the printer also sells quill pens and signs that read:

> Notice to all Patrons:
> I have been obliged through the sheer Weight of *Fatigue* to quit my Post & repair to my *Dwelling-house* until I have recovered my *usual Composure*

The printer, as he did in earlier days, also makes signs for Williamsburg's other merchants. The one hanging currently in the store window of the barber, who was also dentist, wigmaker, and blood-letter, advises that, "A Fresh Cargoe of live human hairs all ready curl'd has arrived." Most practical of the restored enterprises is the Deane Shop and Forge where John Allgood, dressed uncomfortably in breeches and shirtwaist, makes toasting forks, candle stands, and small initialed horseshoes.

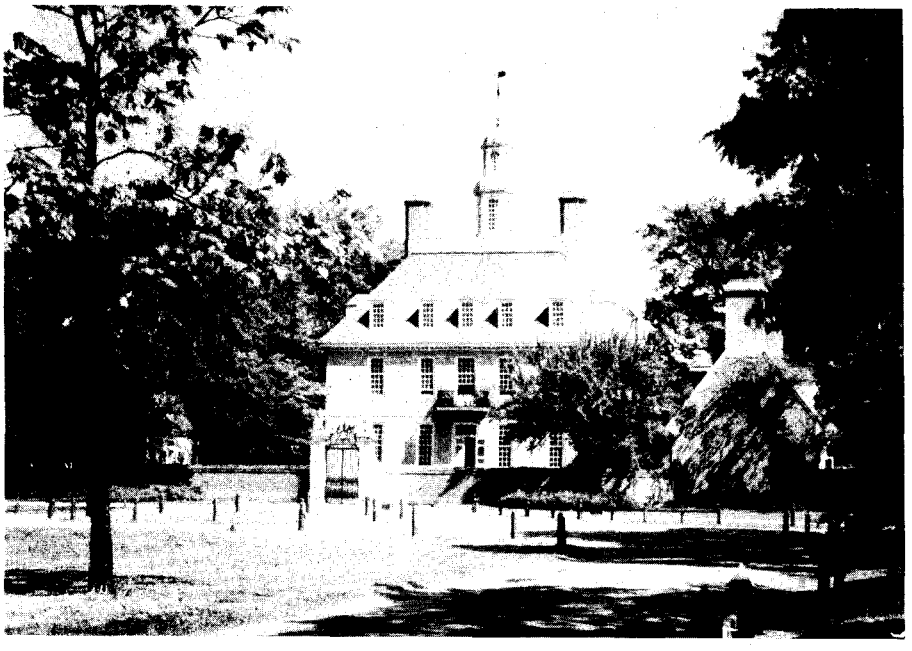
With one's spirit thus transported back across two centuries one can pick up a box lunch at the Inn, and sally forth over the beautiful Colonial National Historical Parkway to Yorktown. Here in the fall of 1781 Washington, Lafayette, Baron von Steuben, and the Count de Grasse had bottled up Cornwallis by land and sea and laid siege to his British and Hessian troops. French artillery kept up a fearful barrage, until on the night of October 11 French raiders under Count William de Deux-Ponts and an American party led by Lt. Col. Alexander Hamilton successfully stormed the British redoubts. A British attempt to escape across the York River was foiled by bad weather and on the 19th Cornwallis surrendered, his troops marching out "in a slow and solemn step, with shouldered arms, colors cased." The band played "The World Is Upside Down." With car, guidebook, and wandering imagination, the battle, siege, and surrender makes a fascinating playback.

NOT so fascinating, perhaps, but worth a look all the same, is Jamestown Island where the first permanent English settlement in North America was founded on May 13, 1607. Jamestown was also the first capital of the Virginia Colony and the site of the first legislative assembly in America, on July 30, 1619. Also from Jamestown sprang some of the first romantic legends about the new land. Captain John Smith emerged as the dominant personality of the colony, and held it together until he was injured in a gunpowder explosion and returned to England. John Rolfe, one of the men who knew tobacco not only best but first, married Powhatan's daughter Pocahontas, who returned with him to England and bore him a son before she died, three years after migrating.

Statues to John Smith and Pocahontas decorate the shoreline, and there is a ruin of the church in which they worshiped. Early plantations that grew out of the first settlement in the James River are still standing and several are open to the public at a dollar a look, a price that seems exhorbitant to me.

Rates for the packaged tours that include your stay at Colonial Williamsburg and the use of the rented car are eminently fair. The Colonial Tour, two days and one night, costs $16 a person at the Lodge, $19 each at the Inn, figuring two in a room. The Heritage Tour, three days and two nights, is $24 per person at the Lodge, $30 at the Inn. These tariffs include lodging, the use of the car, and enough gasoline to get you back and forth from Richmond to Williamsburg and to the sights outlined above. To these prices you must add the airline fare from your hometown to Richmond, and the cost of eating Spring Pye, Stew'd Carps, and Broil'd Eels, and other such sweetmeats as might strike your tafte.

—HORACE SUTTON.



Governor's Palace, Williamsburg—"mice in a jar behind the fireplace."

Travelers' Tales

JOURNEY IN THE SUN, By Dane Chandos. Doubleday, $3.50. Old Uncle Edward, who harbored a distrust of anything foreign and was something less than tolerant of most everybody, probably lived in Spain because he liked the sunlight. When Uncle Edward died his nephew Dane Chandos ("Village in the Sun," "House in the Sun") was summoned from Mexico to San Sebastian to settle the will with—as Uncle called him—"that old ass of a lawyer." So begins the journey in the sun which includes Chandos, his cousin Alice, and his chauffeur Jesus Lopez Perez who has gold teeth, an aptitude for foreign languages, and a name for the Chandos car—"the electric force." In the course of their trip around Spain one is both entertained and instructed. Tourists will learn not to tip for services because those who expect it will ask for it, and those who don't will be insulted if a tip is offered. They will hear that the police in this police state are polite to the point of tenderness; the bathtubs are so deep one had best sit on the ledge to keep from drowning. One also is brought to realize the great poverty of the land. "It is not always easy to think fast or to move fast when bread is five pesetas," Chandos is told. Portugal is so different from Spain that one does better to try conversations in French or English. But being different from Spain and knocking her neighbor is national sport. The Portuguese have a higher standard of living, are a more contented population, and the author finds Salazar an "intelligent, modest, and disinterested dictator." These observations aside, Jesus, Alice, and the author have a fine and frequently funny time. —H. S.

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U.S.A. *Almost all books about American cities are on the laudatory side. The average man is willing to accept a little gentle ribbing about his home town, but if the criticism is barbed he is reluctant to read, much less pay for it. The present season offers two notable exceptions, both of them about Chicago. One, "Barbarians in Our Midst," by Virgil Peterson, deals with crime in the Midwestern metropolis; it will be reviewed here shortly. The other, uncharitably entitled "Chicago: The Second City," is by* The New Yorker's *A. J. Liebling. Nelson Algren, who reviews it below, is a broadminded man, but a Chicagoan. . . . The week brings two other books of especial merit: Sam Rosenman's "Working with Roosevelt"* (page 38), *probably one of the last of the behind-the-scene stories of the New Deal and certainly one of the best; and Oliver Pilat's "The Atom Spies"* (page 39), *which brings together the facts on a subject about which too many careless words have been spoken.*

Second . . . . Not Third!

CHICAGO: THE SECOND CITY. By A. J. Liebling. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 143 pp. $2.50.

By Nelson Algren

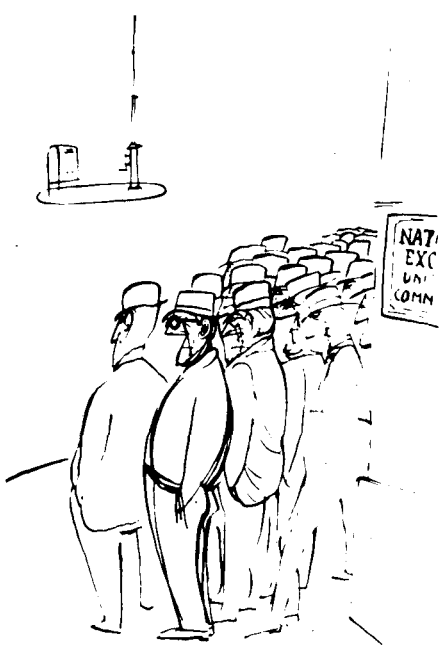
PRECISELY why these little pieces sent Chicago's idealists into such a high-wheeled huff, when first published in *The New Yorker,* this reader found hard to grasp. There appears even less reason for resentment upon rereading.

Joe Liebling's discovery that the city is a bulwark of isolationism is not only irrefutable but is reported more readably here than is usual. The stuff on the WGN Theatre of the Air is not only good reporting but good broad comedy.

That there actually are people around town who are depressed by the possibility of Los Angeles passing Chicago in the next population census can no longer be doubted, since the writer found some. I never happened, in forty-odd years about this battleground, to meet one myself. But I've been out of town lately and so can feel confident that friends in L.A. will be shipping notes of triumphant glee, directly the final returns are in. Could one but be certain that the White Sox will continue to play their home games at Comiskey Park thereafter the future would not loom around us so ominously.

I also liked the bit about Chicago theatre-goers, the ones who won't be caught dead attending a local play, cueing up at the Municipal Airport in evening wraps, plane tickets in one hand and orchestra seats to any New York production at all in the other. A dream-like little thing, quite as delicate a bauble as ever the Colonel himself put out, it isn't offered out of malice so much as it is simply the pleasant sort of silliness into which *New Yorker* writers occasionally fall when trying a bit too hard. Well, we all do at times.

To one in the same trade, watching Liebling work is as interesting as it once was to watch old Grover Cleveland Alexander still pitching winning ball when he could carely walk. By combining a certain air of authority, more native to *Life* than *The New Yorker,* with a dazzling dearth of information, he achieves some fairly fascinating results. Thus, the evidence of the wife of a Harvard faculty member, topped by that of a *New Yorker* office boy, constitutes sufficient ground for dismissing the University of Chicago as an enterprise of the sheerest folly. The bartender of the closest cocktail lounge becomes a prophet, and the nearest alderman a seer.



—Steinberg, from the book.

What we have in hand, in fact, isn't so much reporting as a series of reflections caught in the mirror of the nearest bar, content to be faithful to the immediate premises and considerably more lively than most travelogues achieved under such limitations.

When he finally stops pressing and gets to Chicago Liebling does better, as in suggesting that it may not be the city government that's fronting for the Syndicate, but the Syndicate that's fronting for the city, ". . . and for the railroads that don't want to be moved off the streets and for the landlords who don't want to lose the swollen rents from their hovels and for all the nice, earnest people who constantly form committees but really don't want anything changed if it costs money. If no Syndicate existed, it would be necessary to invent one, to blame it for the way things are. The leaders of the Syndicate, whoever they may be, hardly ever shoot each other in public any more, even one at a time, and Chicagoans are left in the plight of the Greeks at the beginning of history, when the gods commenced ceasing (*sic*) to manifest themselves."

Thus defined, we realize that the city's political isolationism is but a single aspect of its spiritual isolationism. The isolation of its intellectuals another. But American intellectuals are isolated from coast to coast, and it is at least debatable whether the fog in which the heavier brains of the Gold Coast grope is denser than that in which The Village's serious thinkers operate. The conviction that anything in the world can be ameliorated by setting up a council or forming a committee, for example, is scarcely peculiar to Cook County.

Perhaps what really got the boys so hot wasn't being told they were in the same fix as the Greeks. Nor even being whitewashed. It was, rather, the writer's peculiar delivery. For nothing irritates the Pump Room provincials so much as provincialism, and Liebling's elusive smugness is nothing if not provincial. Like a lefthander being southpawed to death, or a Smith College senior congratulating a friend on obtaining a night-school degree, it hurt all the more.

The aroma, faint and far, of something fairly fishy in its inventiveness, is redeemed by the book's careless humor. After all, Old Pete didn't give a hang either. Personally I liked it fine.

Nelson Algren is the author of "The Man with the Golden Arm," a novel of Chicago.

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Greatness Qualified & Unqualified

WORKING WITH ROOSEVELT. By Samuel I. Rosenman. New York: Harper & Bros. 560 pp. $6.

By LINDSAY ROGERS

"THERE are those who compose books and toss them out into the world as if they were no more than fritters." Don Quixote's lament applies accurately to some of those who told stories they had learned while serving in Franklin Roosevelt's administration. A few of the books—Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins" and Henry Stimson's "On Active Service"—have been notable because their authors had something to say in their own right. Others have been "remaindered" almost at once. A few, published during the President's lifetime, were gross violations of confidence. These the President viewed with equanimity, excusing one author by saying, "Oh, he was by way of needing money."

Of those composing the Roosevelt progeny, Samuel I. Rosenman has the most to say and the best claim to say it. He served the President from his campaign for the governorship of New York in 1928 until his death in 1945, and there were during this friendship no oscillations of being in or out of favor. His principal and continuing task—heading up the teams which prepared material for and preliminary drafts of speeches—enabled him to view Roosevelt as a whole man and the entire range of administration.

During Mr. Roosevelt's first Presidential campaign, there was a much publicized brain trust (which Mr. Rosenman recruited) and there was much franker talk than was the case in respect of any other public figure about speeches being "ghost-written." Mr. Rosenman gives plenty of details on the way in which speeches were put together: the preservation of memoranda that might serve as "speech material"; paragraphs dictated by the President that he hoped to be able to use as they were or with suggested amplifications; first drafts and then new drafts—running in some cases to as many as a dozen—with the President participating in the revisions and arguing for or against the inclusion of certain subjects. Those who do not admire Mr. Roosevelt and who read this book will have to conclude that, save in a very few cases, the speeches the President delivered were genuinely his own. He could always improve on the efforts of his team and he made the speeches so revealing of his own personality that when they came into parlors and kitchens all over the country they seemed to be natural reflections of the man. Mr. Rosenman says that when he began working for the President he studied the style of his public utterances so that the drafts that were turned out would be in the Rooseveltian manner. For this purpose he made a special study of the "Happy Warrior" speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency in 1924. That speech, however, was more completely the product of a "ghost" than any delivered during Mr. Roosevelt's twelve years in the White House.

Lord Balfour once remarked that hell might be a place where the only reading matter was Hansard—the House of Commons debates. The amazing thing about some of the Roosevelt speeches—the stages of whose preparation Mr. Rosenman recounts and from a few of which he liberally quotes—is that they can still move and even thrill. Readers who were old enough to listen to Mr. Roosevelt speak will feel a sense of remembered drama and of great events. That effect Mr. Rosenman achieves by giving sufficient background and then quoting. He neither overwrites nor exhorts. Moreover, he sticks to his subject and avoids repeating what can be read elsewhere. On what happened when Winston Churchill came to Washington just after Pearl Harbor (Mr. Rosenman was living in the White House), there is the simple statement: "An excellent detailed account" is to be found in Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins."

Mr. Rosenman kept no diary and made few notes on undertakings of which he could later say *quorum pars magna fui*. One charming memorandum by his wife on a visit to Shangrila in August 1942 gives a revealing picture of the President at ease for a week end—at least relatively at ease because he dictated a draft of a message to Churchill on the first anniversary of the Atlantic Charter; got the news of a disastrous engagement near Savo Island where four heavy cruisers were lost, and worked on his mail. As Mr. Rosenman says: The President was able to relax completely, or the job would have killed him earlier. He could take bad news on the chin. He never lost his human touch, or his desire to share in the joys and sorrows and experiences of those around him.

This book, while admiring and affectionate, does not idolize. Mr. Rosenman sees certain defects. He thinks that at times the President was not a good politician. For example, the attempt to abolish the two-thirds rule in the Democratic Convention of 1932 in order to make his own nomination easier was a maneuver that would have boomeranged badly if Mr. Roosevelt had had any serious opponent. Those hostile to him then found out that you can't beat somebody with nobody. Again Mr. Rosenman makes no case for the intellectual honesty of the reasons given for the Court-packing program or for the attempted purge of senators and representatives who had been anti-administration. Indeed, there are occasional suggestions that sheer good luck rather than good strategy was responsible for the President's being hailed as such a consummate politician. But, on deciding what to say in his messages and speeches, the political artistry was unexcelled.

And it was an artistry—or rather a frankness—that made a deep impression on the American electorate. During campaigns and when domestic and international problems seemed grave, voters were being told what their government thought and what it hoped to do. It was only after the critical situation in the spring of 1933 that the President began to talk to the country frankly and in comparison with the campaign speeches of '36, '40 and '44, the ones of 1932 seem platitudinous.

I began this review with a quotation and conclude with one—a terminal device to which President Roosevelt was usually allergic. One exception was the end of his acceptance speech in 1944. It was clear then that the war was well on the way to being won, and discussions were already in progress on the United Nations. The President concluded by saying that the final sentences of Lincoln's Second Inaugural set the goal of the moment in "terms which the human mind cannot improve" and he made then his own peroration: ". . . with firmness in the right, as God gives us the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for the widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." All this is still the goal of today, but it is a goal that seems to be much farther off than it did eight years ago.

The most recent books by Lindsay Rogers, Burgess professor of public law at Columbia University, are "The American Government" and "Crisis Government."

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A Dark Dim Crime

THE ATOM SPIES. By Oliver Pilat. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 312 pp. $3.50.

By HAROLD C. HINTON

IT SEEMS virtually certain that sooner or later the Soviet Union could have produced an atomic bomb with its own unaided resources. That it succeeded in producing one as early as 1949, however, was due, at least in part, to information treasonably given the Kremlin by certain scientists and technicians working in the United States and Canada during the Second World War. The story of how they did this, and why, has been told in considerable detail, and with admirable detachment in Mr. Oliver Pilat's book.

Unfortunately, the book's rather clumsy organization makes it difficult for the reader to grasp the narrative. For example, if he tries to follow the career of Harry Gold, one of the chief couriers in the Soviet atomic espionage nets, and in many ways the most interesting and pitiable character in the entire tragedy, he will encounter the following chronological muddle:

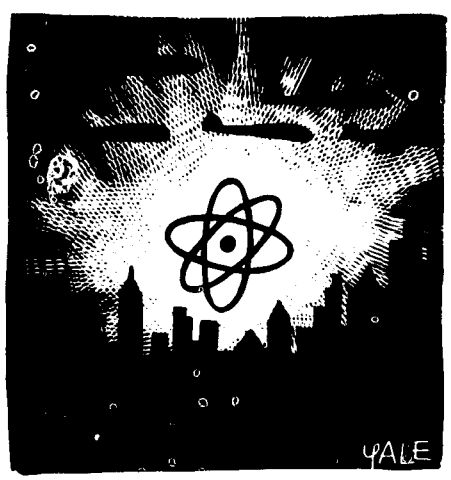
In the first chapter, Gold picks up detailed information on the atomic bomb from David Greenglass and Klaus Fuchs in New Mexico, in June 1945, and passes it on to Anatoli Yakovlev, his Soviet superior in New York. In the second, the life story of the neurotic, maladjusted Gold is told up to 1940; then the narrative jumps to 1946, when his activities were disrupted by Yakovlev's departure for Russia following Igor Gouzenko's exposure of the Canadian spy nets, and by Gold's own first interrogation by the FBI. In the third chapter, he appears before a New York grand jury in 1947 but is not indicted. In the fourth, which mainly concerns Fuchs, we see Gold holding one of his most important meetings with Fuchs, at Santa Fe in September 1945. In the seventh chapter Gold meets Fuchs several times in New York and Cambridge, Massachusetts, during 1944 and early 1945; a few pages later Gold is arrested by the FBI, on May 15, 1950, and decides to make a full confession. His confession, together with that of David Greenglass, played a crucial part in the sentencing to death of Julius Rosenberg, one of Gold's fellow-couriers, and Rosenberg's wife Ethel (the sentence is still being appealed).

Anyone who takes the trouble to correlate the scattered facts in this book—and there is an index, fortunately—will learn a great deal about Soviet espionage methods. The nets in Canada operated under the Red Army directed by members of the Soviet Embassy at Ottawa. The atomic espionage nets in the United States were operated under officials of the Soviet Consulate in New York.

Until 1943, the American nets concentrated on the three campuses where atomic research was being carried on—Columbia, Chicago, and Berkeley. This early phase of atomic espionage met with some success, but a daring attempt to subvert Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, one of the key scientists in the Manhattan District Project, failed completely. After 1943, Soviet espionage fastened on the Los Alamos project in New Mexico, where the first atomic bomb was actually developed. It was during this second phase that Fuchs, the theoretical physicist, and Greenglass, the machinist, passed the essential secrets of the atomic bomb to Gold and Rosenberg.

Mr. Pilat's book deserves praise, not only for the research which obviously went into it, but for the care and understanding with which it describes the background and motivation of the various agents, consisting usually of poverty, frustration, and misfortune, and the ultimate finding in Communism of a sense of psychological fulfilment.

Finally, I commend this book to the attention of the junior Senator from Wisconsin and his supporters. The name of Owen Lattimore, whom he has called "the top Russian espionage agent" in the United States, is not mentioned once; surely it would be a strange thing if a top-ranging Soviet spy had shown no interest in the atomic bomb. Actually, of course, Lattimore's background and activities have nothing in common with those of the spies in Mr. Pilat's book. Not the least of the merits of "The Atom Spies" is the fact that, at a time when some of us seem to see spies and subversives everywhere, it has shown us who some of the real spies were.



Breezes of the New

THE NEXT AMERICA. By Lyman Bryson. New York: Harper & Bros. 256 pp. $3.50.

By ERWIN D. CANHAM

A MAN IN his own time, says Lyman Bryson, is like a cricket strolling among the lights of a big electric sign. He cannot discover the meaning of the total sign, although it's hot and lively there. Mr. Bryson's book is an effort to hop a hundred yards away, to look not only at what the sign is patterning today, but what it is likely to be in the time ahead. This is an ambitious and indeed noble task. Cricket Bryson shows us a pattern and a rhythm which seem to me to be convincing in the present and as impressive as the next man's of the future. My principal regret is that Mr. Bryson, who knows so well how to mass-communicate, has chosen to write too much of his book in the private language of the academic specialist. Those parts are hard reading. But it is all quite exciting.

Mr. Bryson explains how the groups and collectives have taken over American democracy. "The Great Economy," he calls it. But he thinks we are learning to leave to the collectives the things which can best be done by group action, and are seeking individual outlets principally at the community level and in fields other than politics.

In a score of eloquent paraphrases he emphasizes his chief thesis: that democracy is process, not content. In earlier times, it was possible for many men to participate consciously and meaningfully in the national democratic political process. Now this has been taken over by the groups. But it is of vital importance that individuals continue to participate. Thus, we turn to the areas of human life in which we can still participate as individuals.

This means, he believes, politics at local levels. But still more, it means deeper or different strata of human experience. He thinks this has already happened "notably now in the colleges and villages of the Middle-West. . . ." If this cultural revolution succeeds, it will mean "a national community in which energy is more and more shifted from material and practical anxieties to the doing of things for the sake of greater human experience. It will be

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Erwin D. Canham is editor of The Christian Science Monitor; *he edited and contributed to a volume published last year, "The World at Mid-Century."*

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the recapture, by a whole free people, of the primitive wisdom that industrialism has destroyed. . . . It is part of our recovered wisdom to know that we live not to pile up comfort nor ornaments, but for the quality of experience itself."

Mr. Bryson prudently inserts a chapter renouncing utopianism, on the ground that he knows we will never become perfect. But to many, his next America will seem utopian, at least in a less absolute sense. Yet it is a goal, and a splendidly articulated one, of a continental democracy in the age of bigness—a democracy which he believes may one day merge into an organized world society.

Despite my strictures on Mr. Bryson's academic concepts and language, I find I have marked a multitude of striking phrases and ideas. As:

"Russia is a belated experiment in an already discredited nineteenth-century idea."

"We are on the verge of major changes. . . . Some of the symptoms we show can be rationally explained; some have to be taken as a fit of nerves into which the bearers of a culture may fall when change portends, or threatens, or is hoped for."

"Democracy is a system in which the individual gets the greatest chance to be himself, to make mistakes and learn by them, and to stretch his powers."

"Wise men watch nervously when politicians succeed in their incessant attempts to enlarge the operations of government, even the 'welfare state'; the state is the one institution from which no one can resign."

"We cannot measure the difficulty in the present problems of the world by the amount of ink in today's newspaper headlines. That is rather a measure of our commercially exploitable anxiety."

These few samples, chosen from a few pages, show the quality of Mr. Bryson's generalizations. He has most interesting chapters on art and democracy, and art and the machine. He drives home the central truth of individualism, hammering desperately at the thesis that "the government is not ourselves." Politically, therefore, his solution is the enforcement of national decisions by local administration in which democracy may again escape from the groups and become process.

Here, then, stands the idealistic cricket. Perhaps someday, somehow, through this book and other means, more of us can join Mr. Bryson in hopping out of the electric sign. At least we ought to have a chance to make the next America as brave as he thinks it can be.

U.S.A. Notes

H IS FOR HEROIN. By David Hulburd. Doubleday. $1.75. This is a sixty-minute book that does a startling effective job of infusing life into those dry, repetitious headlines dealing with teen-age narcotics. It is an extended version of "It Happened to Amy," which appeared in *Woman's Home Companion,* the case history of a single addict—Amy Burton, 15, pretty and blond, living with her parents in a comfortable apartment in a Los Angeles suburb. Through a series of episodes related with remarkable dispassion by her mother, father, and herself, it reconstructs how Amy went from milk shakes to H. H is for heroin.

"One day," Amy recalls, "Jocelyn and I rode around . . . and she started telling me all over again what kicks I would get out of blowing up a joint. (That means smoking those cigarettes.) No, they never called them sticks in our crowd, or reefers. That's so square. I didn't want to much, I was having a lot of fun, but I knew that one or two joints didn't hurt you; it was no worse than ditching school, like I was doing anyway. So I said okay."

By the time she was sixteen, Amy was married, to a dope addict of twenty-one. Their hunger for "grass," or marijuana, and H was unquenchable; to keep themselves in "junk," they forged prescription blanks, encouraged robbery, sold their furniture, drove all the way to Mexico for supplies, and borrowed from her parents—for food, they said. The horror of their lives, their fear of being "busted," is described without any razzle-dazzle fillips by Mr. Hulburd, author of "This Happened in Pasadena"; his report, written with great control, has an inescapable impact. Of all the surprises, perhaps the greatest is that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Burton had any idea that Amy was "mainlining" it—that is, pumping H into her veins. The news broke suddenly—a phone call that Amy and her husband were in jail, arrested on suspicion of using narcotics. Of her life in H-land, Amy, now back on milk shakes, says only: "No, I haven't any 'lesson' to give other kids. If they read this story, like my father and mother and I have told it, if that isn't a lesson enough, I don't know what is."

—BERNARD KALB.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE FAR EAST, 1945-1951. By Harold M. Vinacke. Stanford University Press. 144 *pp.* $3. Anyone interested in a nonpartisan, decently impartial, and well informed review of our policies and problems in the Far East, will find it in this book. For in choosing sides, Professor Vinacke has shown himself to be on the side of the independent scholar; he feels no obligation to defend the Truman administration's actions or to support the criticisms of its opponents. Nor—for the purpose of reviewing recent history—does he find it necessary to announce his selection of loyalties between Chiang and Mao. Thus, what he has produced is a summary and critique of our relations with the Far East since 1945 and our search for a workable policy.

Whether or not we have had a workable policy is, of course, the great question at issue between the more honest disputants of the "great debate." That there have been major shifts since 1945, with regard to both Europe and Asia, is unquestionable. Professor Vinacke records these shifts almost impassively, but remarks that "the conclusion must be drawn that policy has followed change rather than anticipating it."

In defining policy, the real problem, Mr. Vinacke believes, lay in the question of "method, means, and place of establishment of the line of containment of Soviet expansion." Here, the administration had at least one decision forced upon it by the invasion of South Korea. But there has been another which this book makes clear despite some considerable muddying by administration statements as well as by Congressional debate and "investigations"—that, whatever the course of events in the Far East, maintenance of the coalition of European nations is to be given priority. Altogether, then, a brief, objective, and valuable volume. —PETER R. LEVIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 470

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 470 will be found in the next issue.

ACEGK MOEGQSU QE

GAU EGUWYBGAUF BH

YQEHBFGOPU.

—DURCD YCTQY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 469

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.

—W. PENN.

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long time enthusiast for the verbal acrobatics of the Boston psychiatrist, commends the doctor's use of conversational English. The drawings of Gorey are a delight considered aside from the poetry and criticism, but the poems of Moore are still the best things in the book, which is as it should be. It's quite an enterprise. You'll enjoy it, even if you occasionally get annoyed as I did.

Man Yclept Devil

POEMS OF MR. JOHN MILTON. The 1645 Edition. Edited with Essays in Analysis by Cleanth Brooks and John E. Hardy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 353 pp. $5.

By Ben Ray Redman

AS THE title indicates, this book by two professors of English consists of two parts. The first is a reprint of the 1645 edition of Milton's poems. The second and much longer part contains analytical studies of the individual poems, an examination of Milton's poetic development during his early career, several appendices, a bibliography, and an index. The prime purpose of the editor-critics has been "to provide a study of the earlier poems, based on the relevant scholarship, but critical in emphasis," to which end have been employed "the methods of modern criticism, especially the techniques of close reading and organic structural analysis."

The critical analysis is of the kind practised in recent years by many students and teachers of literature: argument, structure, imagery, diction, word-by-word meaning, and overall meaning are minutely examined and explained in detail—and sometimes, but seldom, evaluated. There is much of quotation and even more of paraphrase, in prose, of the poet's words. In many instances it would seem that paraphrases are offered, unnecessarily, of a crystal-clear original. The most extensive and ambitious analytical essays are, naturally, those devoted to "Comus," "Lycidas," and the twin poems "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." In the case of "Comus" an attempt is made to disqualify the Elder Brother as Milton's spokesman; to show the kind of "probability" and kind of "unity" at which the poet aimed; to clarify the apparent "confusion" of pagan and Christian elements; and to stress the importance of the operation of Grace in the action. The virtue of the Lady is not alone enough. "Without Grace, Comus is still master of the wood." The "water imagery" of "Lycidas" is understood, as is the "light symbolism" of the twin poems—"the most important device used to bring the patterns of opposites together—to build up an effect of unity in variety." Professors Brooks and Hardy argue vigorously against the common notion that "Comus" should be read as an allergory, and their estimate of the allegorical content of "Lycidas" is low.

In their study of Milton's early career they describe his search for style: to try to determine the exact nature of his difference from the metaphysicals; evaluate the influence of Spenser and seek to trace the transformation of the Spenserian elements in Milton's poetry; emphasize the importance of the pastoral mode in his work; glance at his Platonism; say a few words about his verbal practice; and identify his dominant images. They note "the highly traditional character of Milton's poetic thought," but distinguish "the quality of inevitability in his imagery" from simple "obviousness." They dwell on the importance of what they call his "esthetic distance," and they declare: "One cannot . . . adequately read any of the poems simply as ethical doctrine. The ethical principle is not enough to explain the poetic fact." To this last I can only agree, "Of course!" and add that it is doubtful whether any critic, or succession of critics, has ever—in the case of true poetry—succeeded in explaining "the poetic fact." But Professors Brooks and Hardy are industrious, ardent, intelligent soldiers in an endless campaign that must never be abandoned merely because final, complete victory is impossible.

—Bettmann Archive.

John Milton—"probability and unity."

"An excellent job in judgment, insight and presentation."
—W. H. AUDEN

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by Babette Deutsch

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Poetry & the Rose

RAINER MARIA RILKE: His Life and Work. By F. W. Van Heerikhuizen. Translated by Fernand G. Renier & Anne Cliff. New York: Philosophical Library. 396 pp. $6.

RAINER MARIA RILKE: His Last Friendship. Edited by Marcel Raval, with a study by Edmond Jaloux. Translated by William H. Kennedy. New York: Philosophical Library. 115 pp. $2.75.

By Siegfried Mandel

IT WILL be some time before the the English-speaking public will be able to take full measure of the poetic achievements of Rainer Maria Rilke, whose German and French prose and verse has been matched in this century only by William Butler Yeats. Language barriers, however, are slowly being hurdled with the aid of translations of the poet's letters, notably by M. D. Herter Norton, and recreation of the poems by Babette Deutsch, J. B. Leishmann, Jessie Lemont, C. F. MacIntyre, and others.

The study by F. W. Van Heerikhuizen belongs with the last named works, but in addition to establishing the pertinent biographical data on Rilke, Mr. Van Heerikhuizen places great interpretive stress on the poet's creative development. To some degree he captures Rilke's life in its "Biblical and Dantesque proportions" and proposes, with extensive qualifications, that Rilke made art for art's sake "the groundwork of his life." Further, he sees in Rilke's methods an "esthetic-intuitive basis," encouraging "segments of intuition neither sifted nor arranged but merely given a capricious outline by intellect." As a result, Mr. Heerikhuizen becomes a captive of his own, restrictive categories in dealing with the poet's work as a whole. Rilke's brilliant monograph on the French sculptor Rodin, for example, employs expressionistic methods in explaining impressionistic subject matter; similarly a biographer, if he is critical, should rely on objective methods to explain his subject, otherwise the result is likely to be appreciation rather than enlightenment, as is the case with the Heerikhuizen study. Instead of sound textual analyses, we are presented with florid and almost lush impressions of Rilke's poetry. Once the reader is warned of the limitations of this scholarly study, there remain many features to commend it, especially the large selection of well-translated poems, extensive excerpts from the poet's diaries, and indications of Rilke's early prose, verse, and dramatic efforts.

Rilke—"poetic gallantry."

Among the retinue of Rilke's female admirers there stands the figure of a Circassian beauty, Nimet Eloui Bey, who is romantically associated with his death and his last friendship. Shortly before his death in 1926 while gathering a bouquet of roses (a favorite Rilkean symbol) for Eloui Bey, he stung himself on some thorns and incurred blood poisoning which complicated the leukemia with which he was already afflicted.

Several months previously, Eloui Bey, who is characterized by Edmond Jaloux as a "woman in love with dreams and tortured by destiny," met a kindred soul in Rilke and made their brief association in Paris a meaningful one. The several letters sent by Rilke to Madame Bey contain such poetic gallantry as the time he refused to intrust a book to a messenger —"I shall return it to you tomorrow, myself (and even my own hand will be for me too much of an intermediary)." There is also on display a sense of humor which Rilke's friends vouch for, but is not altogether evident in his writings except in a macabre way. Madame Bey among her other distinctions was noted as a reckless driver and after an excursion Rilke penned the following:

> And as for danger? Each one should seek it only where he is absolute master. By inciting it elsewhere, he runs a risk of calling out the worst of hazards. I saw that you are a past mistress of the steering wheel: what a pity! Think, if ever you have an accident: what universal confusion, what spiritual disorder: a state of mind dashed against a post! An incongruous event, inadmissible in pure thought.

Poetry Notes

THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN POETRY. By J. Isaacs. Dutton. $2.50. For the slight amount of poetry published today—when Eliot, our most important poet, has published less than the thickness of two brandy fingers—there is a prodigious amount of commentary explaining it. Much of this mountain of criticism is useful in making the poetry easier to understand, and hence more believable to those readers who come, metaphorically, from Missouri.

In "The Background of Modern Poetry," which is based on a series of talks for the BBC, Mr. Isaacs gives an exceptionally lucid and persuasive discussion of what produced modern poetry and, at the same time, of what the poetry tries to say and how it says it. Despite his gratuitous scorn of literary historians, he is exactly that at his most useful, when he demonstrates that modern poetry is an evolutionary phase of literary history. He is an enlightened traditionalist, able to look back on a wide reading and knowledge as well as forward. Two immediate background forces which he explains with great skill are French symbolism and (Anglo-American) imagism. But some forces he treats superficially (science, for example) or omits (movements like dadaism and surrealism); and his preference for "romantic" rather than "classical" poetry is based on a dichotomy which, though it may satisfy him, hardly seems logical when he explains his reasons and lists the poets he prefers. These are minor points in view of how much he accomplishes in such a modest, non-technical scope. As an introduction to modern poetry, particularly for the reader whose tastes have been developed in conventional modes, it is an excellent book. It does not contain a bibliography or an index, although the bookjacket promises both.

—Robert Halsband.

EMILY DICKINSON. By Richard Chase. William Sloane Assoc. $4. "The soul selects her own society,/ Then shuts the door . . ." is the way Emily Dickinson indicated her manner of private poetic creation and her uninterested attitude toward the possibility of being accurately "biographied." This has led to innumerable academic squabbles as to the identity of the "lover" in her poetry and life, with interpretations pointing to a variety of males, a masqueraded female, and romantically inspired creations. As she responded to her readings of poetry—"If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I

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know this is poetry . . ."—so she emotionally reacted in conversations and correspondences with intimates and strangers, creating so tangled a skein that biographical interpretations become hazardous ventures.

The first sensible integration of Dickinson's outward life and inward poetry was G. F. Whicher's critical biography in 1939, "This Was a Poet." A comparison of Richard Chase's study with that of Whicher's indicates a greater degree of repetitiousness in regard to biographical and, to a lesser extent, critical analysis than a critic ought to permit himself. Yet there are strong points in Mr. Chase's study, notably his attempt to clarify Emily Dickinson's status in relation to the English-language poets and an astute classification of her poetry on the basis of merit. Mr. Chase's classifying judgments will no doubt make Dickinson cultists unhappy, but they are necessary.

Mr. Chase catalogues the poet's shortcomings: philosophically and intellectually Dickinson's thought present "a hopelessly confusing creed," a mind "narrowly principled, and . . . meagerly political," which failed to involve "images intricately and solidly with intellectual meaning," artistically "her experiments were often bold and sometimes brilliant" but possess no "consistent or elaborate esthetic theory," her love poems "are weakened almost throughout by the inadequacies of her private system of imagery," her "imagery of natural objects is usually nothing more than decoration or, at best, imagism" and "a final incapacity which usually . . . made inspired poetic play impossible for her." One might ask what becomes of Emily Dickinson's stature. Mr. Chase answers that about a dozen of her poems are "great" ones, that her poems on childhood rank with the best "of all centuries," and that a core of strength lies in "the marvelous lightness and deftness of which Emily Dickinson is capable when her central trope is death and when her poetic device is the clean-cut imagery of motion and rest."

Mr. Chase's conclusions strengthen this reviewer's suspicion that critical heavy-artillery, no matter how impressive, might be more profitably trained on metaphysical and modern ambiguous poets than on Emily.

—Siegfried Mandel.

THE SUBURB BY THE SEA. By Robert Hillyer. Alfred A. Knopf. $3. We have been rather short of *Lyra Elegantiarum* in recent years; no doubt the times have not been propitious. But it would seem that the art is not dead after all—not so long as the taste for it survives, and the talent of Robert Hillyer can be turned to this genre. In more than one sense, Mr. Hillyer is one of the less obscure contributors to the poetry department of *The New Yorker*; and it is easy to understand why the lyrics that appear in the forepart of his new book have pleased the taste of Mr. Eustace Tilley.

For—if Mr. Tilley is not of the eighteenth century, but rather of the Regency period—nevertheless he is close enough to the age of Pope to appreciate the pastiches of that poet which Mr. Hillyer does so skilfully in "Under Great Summer Trees," "Above Clustered Suburban Roofs," "Familiar Faces, Long Departed," "Suburban Monday Morning," "In the Baroque," "Amid the Academic Festival," "Over Bright Summer Seas," "Underneath Gray Winter Skies," etc. And these poems should sit well with Edith, too (for old Thames's sake):

> While—for such as find these couplets caviare,
> More lyric notes, and less satiric, are,
> Displaying our poet in those pensive moods
> Where life's not all suburban interludes—
> And if these stanzas, too, but skim the surface,
> Why, what a pleasant path to tread this turf is!

—Gerard Previn Meyer.

GALLERY TOUR. By Sara Kolb Danner. Stanford University Press. $5. This is a handsome volume, presenting Mrs. Danner in her double role of painter and poet. Despite its elaborate format (for a book of poems) it is neither pretentious nor overdone. Mrs. Danner is a recognized artist and the four paintings here reproduced are exceedingly attractive and colorful. Her eye for color, her quick observation, and her feeling for the significant detail naturally carry over into her poems. They have an engaging personality and warmth, particularly when she is writing of her small son, of the flowers, birds, landscapes, and where she makes her home. Take the poem about the California quail:

> the little creatures frocked in dun,
> Invested like the friar and nun.

"Apricot Packers" is full of fragrance and sun and color. Mrs. Danner's more abstract and subjective pieces are apt to lose their vitality and to depend upon poetic conventionalities, but the majority of the poems in "Gallery Tour" are alive and original impressions. This is not major poetry, but it has a genuine spontaneity and a lack of affectation which add to its real charm.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

"You was the great man yesterday, and you will be greater tomorrow."

That's "one of history's most captivating creatures,"* the irrepressible James Boswell, congratulating himself in

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*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

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THE MILITARY MAN

(*Continued from page 25*)

as far as I know, unique in history. The nations in the past which believed that their military force should be used as an extension of their foreign policy—which is a euphemistic way of saying that it was a good thing to take other people's land and property and lives by force—created powerful military establishments and they created them in time of peace; but they built their forces for the offense. They intended to use their force whenever *they* chose to use it to destroy and rob their neighbors.

Peacefully inclined peoples—that is, peoples whose civilization had advanced to the point where they had an understanding of what was decent and good in life—also had their armed forces. But they built them in a half-hearted way. They foresaw no *Der Tag* on which these forces would be used for the glorification of themselves. They therefore went about their military business with reluctance and inadequately. They built forces not strong enough to defeat an enemy, but merely forces which they hoped would be strong enough to buy time under which they could mobilize.

The free nations were able to do this in the past—or at least to try to do it—because of the nature of the weapons which existed at the time. The French, in the early part of this century, and the British with their Navy, did manage to create forces which were able to hold the German attack of 1914 and to give the French and British nations, and eventually the United States, time to mobilize their superior industrial potential.

In 1939 this formula didn't work very well. The Germans swept over all of France and were prevented from conquering Britain only by a magnificent last-ditch air battle by the British. The weapons of 1940 made obsolete this old technique of building only a delaying force back of which we would mobilize. The weapons of 1952 make any such strategy the same as national suicide. We of the free world therefore have built a new strategic concept—a concept of the deterrent force—a force which must be constantly alert, constantly ready to accept a time not of our own choosing on which to act, and constantly ready to inflict a blow so terrible that those who think about it will reach the decision I have mentioned above—namely, that it would be a very poor idea to attack us.

Perhaps these generalities may seem to you to be mere philosophy, but I have missed my whole point if I am not making clear that the nature of this general policy will have the most serious effects upon the plans which you will later be called upon to make in the preparation of your Military Establishment; for you cannot build a Military Establishment with wisdom until you have debated fully and have understood the fundamental purpose of what you are doing.

It will not be possible for you to be oblivious of the political scene. I am not suggesting that you should intervene in political decisions. For there is a Constitutional division of labor in the American system which is based on deep and wise concepts which have prevailed in free countries since the birth of freedom. But I am saying that for all the division of labor as between military, political, and economic matters, there must be an understanding and a breadth of comprehension by each of the specialists as to the roles of the other. For this is, after all, a partnership of effort in America, and as full an understanding as possible by the political men of the economic and military considerations is necessary, as it is the other way around.

This is a subtle point. It means that the military leader must have as full an understanding as possible of politics and economics and of the complicated problems of history and of national aspirations that form a part of them. It means also that there must be self-denial by each of the specialists with respect to the primary responsibilities of the other.

THE PEOPLE of this country will, I believe, support the kind of military force that I have been talking of and they will support it for a very long time; provided they believe that this force is being wisely and economically built and is properly constructed with respect to the task which it is supposed to fulfil.

The military leaders of the present and of the time to come must not interfere with the other fellow's business, but they must understand his business and see to it that he understands theirs. These generalities may sound easy, but they are not, for stated in other terms what they mean is that the graduates of our great academies are going to have to be the best the country can produce. They will have to be men of the widest type of culture and, applied specifically to the next few years of your work, they will have to be men who are constantly striving to prepare themselves for these great responsibilities.

—THOMAS K. FINLETTER.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WHAT COLOR?

If you are not color-blind, says Olive Ridenour, of Arcanum, Ohio, you will know the color in each of the works described below. Allowing five points for each title, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 47.

1. W. H. Hudson's story of the South American tropics (1916).
2. The most famous work of Maurice Maeterlinck (1909).
3. Widely-read horror tale by Edgar Allan Poe (1845).
4. Much-quoted quatrain by Gelett Burgess (1895).
5. Very famous novel written by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1850).
6. Thomas Beer's social history of the last years of the 19th century (1926).
7. Gertrude Atherton's novel dealing with rejuvenation (1923).
8. Alice Duer Miller's long poem about England (1940).
9. Famous work on mythology, folk-lore, and religion by Sir James G. Fraser (1890-1915).
10. Stephen Crane's novel about a Civil War episode (1895).
11. Michael Arlen's best seller (1924).
12. Novel of the French Revolution by Baroness Orczy (1905).
13. Kathleen Winsor's best-selling historical novel (1944).
14. Thomas R. Henry's new book about Antarctica (1951).
15. Edgar Allan Poe's famous short story about buried treasure (1843).
16. A sea tale by James Fenimore Cooper (1827).
17. Pulitzer prize play by Marc Connelly (1929).
18. Julia Peterkin's Pulitzer prize novel about the Gullah Negroes (1928).
19. Novel by Daniel Pierce Thompson with Ethan Allen as the hero (1839).
20. Story of Harold of England and William the Conquerer by Hope Muntz (1950).

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FICTION

(Continued from page 23)

difficulties with bravery, honesty, and true Hollingsworth spunk. I haven't had so morally uplifting a time since I first peeked into the pages of my sister's Elsie Dinsmore books.

VENABLES. By Geoffrey Wagner. Simon & Schuster. 274 pp. $3.50. The writers of Gothic romances, such as this one, would really be hard up if England wasn't apparently completely covered with dark and brooding fourteenth-century mansions, conveniently supplied with secret passages, hidden rooms, running ghosts, and a dour butler with a habit of appearing silently in a slowly-opening doorway at inconvenient times. A plentiful supply of red herrings must also be available. Mr. Wagner has called upon all these props for his little fantasy about young David Bellingham and his grim struggle with the usual witch, in this case his adoptive mother. There are also the dark family secrets: Was somebody locked up, whimpering in the hidden room, or was there a hidden room? Also, what about Mrs. Bellingham; wasn't her interest in David something more than maternal, else why should she like to beat him with whips? No Daphne Du Maurier, the author has concocted a preposterous piece which you will be able to read in a completely dark room without raising a goose-pimple or missing a single cliche.

THE MOUNTAINS HAVE NO SHADOW. By Owen Cameron. Harper. $2.75. Like the ranch-type house, the Western story has been acquiring some new features that may seem a little strange to those used to the thundering horse operas of an earlier day. The story of this one is, in broad outlines, standard enough. Jeff Clark, returned to his Far West home territory to settle down with his wife and kids, finds himself at odds with some dour characters who have been stealing his water. When one of them is killed Jeff is falsely accused of the murder, flees into the mountains, and is hunted through much of the book until in the end the real murderer is discovered and everyone settles down more or less happily.

The additions are of particular interest: Mr. Cameron has brought to his tale a careful skill in writing and characterization and some more than usually searching observations on group psychology. He has also delved —perhaps a little too superficially— into the regions of abnormal psychology to find motives for his villains. If such things bother you you can disregard them for the suspenseful manhunt tale he has provided. But they do give more body than is customary.

THE STOCKADE. By Kenneth Lamott. Little, Brown. $3. This unpleasant addition to the literature of World War II deals with a platoon of Marines who at the end of the war had the unhappy task of guarding and managing a stockade into which have been herded some 5,000 Okinawans and Koreans along with a few disguised Japanese. A hard-boiled outfit under a hard-boiled leader, Lieutenant Rossi, they perform their duties with a maximum of "practicality" and brutality. When the brutality goes too far their charges turn upon them and Rossi is killed, a victim of the murderous feelings his own insensitive practicality had unleashed in the otherwise docile and cooperative natives.

Mr. Lamott writes with considerable raw power and some tempered indignation. Individual scenes have force and impact. But his failure to provide more than a surface characterization of his characters, the lack of variety in tone, leave us finally with nothing more than a feeling of distaste for the violence he has depicted and for the book in which he has so scrupulously depicted it.

YEARS IN PARADISE. By Sara Jenkins. Crowell. $3. From the moment that young, beautiful, wealthy, and arrogant Janet Brownlee sets foot on the country bus bound for a teaching job in the mining town of Paradise, Florida, the results are predictable. Janet's withdrawn, snobbish ways—they really reflect shyness, if I'm not telling secrets—are certain to set on edge the simple, good-hearted natives who don't think too much of city ways. But this will all be worked out before the year is out. Janet will learn to love the warm, human qualities of the natives, will win over the stubborn problem-child in her class, will defeat the evil machinations of the mine boss and introduce educational reforms into Florida. The natives, on their part, will have penetrated Janet's defenses and discovered the really sterling qualities hidden underneath. Oh yes, and that rather rough young man who bumps into Janet on page 3. Turns out a few pages later that he's the principal of the school where Janet is going to work. Turns out further, some 240 pages later, that he and Janet have really been falling in love with each other all the while. And they never knew it. Well, I did.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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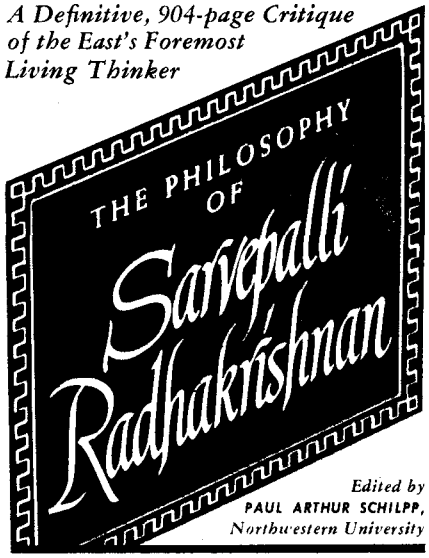

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"SERIOUS PROBLEMS ARE INVOLVED"

(*Continued from page 15*)

at this stage it is certainly well to realize that certain serious problems are involved.

For one thing there is no real indication that the public, which buys paper books from the 90,000-odd newsstands and drugstore outlets throughout the country, is attracted to a given title because it is new. On the contrary, there are obvious cases, like novels by Hemingway and Steinbeck, where the large sale of the original cloth edition has helped to popularize the paper reprint. In view of this and of other factors involved, it is highly questionable whether authors will, generally, benefit from having their work published originally in paper. These are some of the points to be considered:

1.) Paper originals will surely reduce the sales of the higher-priced cloth editions—issued simultaneously by another publisher—on which the author's income per copy is much higher. In view of the element of price competition, it is evident that book stores will devote their major attention to selling titles appearing only in cloth.

2.) The volume of advertising of new books will drop because the advertising done by the cloth-bound publisher will be based on a diminished sale. In paper-book publishing there is no margin for substantial advertising; moreover, it is not needed because the newsstand public buys books primarily through examining them in the display racks.

3.) Under a currently publicized new plan for paper originals, the cloth-bound publisher, who will finance production, receives a return *larger* than the author on each copy sold. The figures presented look alluring for both parties because they are based on the dubious assumption that paper originals can be successfully sold at 35¢ in direct competition with reprints, averaging greater length, at 25¢. Furthermore, experts in the paper-book publishing field seriously question whether in this plan sufficient margin has been allowed for the costs of operation and whether large returns of unsold copies might not affect the success of the enterprise.

4.) It is unlikely that the new plan would make it possible to build up, through advertising and various kinds of promotion and editorial cooperation, world-wide fiction reputations of the type and quality of those enjoyed by Marquand, Maugham, and Bromfield, to name three examples. Paper books are here today and gone tomorrow; they generally appear on and off newsstands much as do monthly magazines.

5.) The already strongly established paper-reprint publishers will continue to push their books and will be determined to find a place for them on the already overcrowded stands. Thus, the paper originals face tremendous competition and are likely to be lost in the shuffle.

6.) Book clubs, which provide substantial revenue for authors, would not be able to distribute titles appearing originally in paper.

There are larger questions which would arise if ever original publication in paper became the rule rather than the exception.

The bookstore, as distinguished from the newsstand, could not survive in a paper-book economy. And, if adequate bookstore distribution were lacking along with trained personnel qualified in the profession, it would be impossible to publish most of the new creative writers, whether of fiction or non-fiction. There would be no room for them because even now the newsstands are jammed with about 900 titles published annually in paper. The number of *new* books appearing each year in cloth amounts to some 9,000 titles, including technical and educational works.

Furthermore, while some good books can be sold on newsstands (especially those by authors who have been effectively publicized by their cloth-bound publishers) their average quality must at best be average. It is only in the exceptional case that you can beat the law of a mass product for a mass audience.

Would this not have an unfortunate effect on the writers of the coming generation? Would they be in a position to resist standardization and avoid tailoring their manuscripts not only as to length but also as to quality for the requirements of paper-book publishing?

In this connection it should be remembered that the cloth-bound publisher, being in a less standardized field, is able to experiment constantly with new writers and is in a position to give them the chance of appearing in print. Even though the sales of a first novel in cloth are sometimes less than 3,000 copies, the loss to the publisher is not disastrous. But in the paper publishing set-up, where a sale of at least 100,000 copies is necessary to cover costs, experimentation becomes a far more hazardous procedure.

AND what about book reviewing? The important review media like *The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, *The Saturday Review*, and the monthly magazines could not maintain themselves without the existing volume of publishers' advertising. In a paper-book economy advertising would dwindle, with the probable result that criticism would suffer and gradually atrophy.

So let us stop, look, and listen lest the printed word in books fall into the pattern of what is printed in the typical large-circulation magazines. Fortunately, a method has been found to reach the mass market through paper books in *reprint* form. Is there any real advantage to be gained in risking certain important values by the publication of paper originals which are unlikely to sell as well as the reprints?

The issues are serious and require serious thought. At the same time it would be unrealistic to believe that the publishing picture will change suddenly. There will be a period of experimentation and as a result the new plan for original paper books may prove a failure or, on the other hand, be successful only in a limited field of slick fiction. But there is enough at stake to make hasty action appear very unwise to those determined that the best possible conditions, financial and otherwise, shall be obtained for creative writers.

This, Then, My Heart

By Eric Wilson Barker

THIS, then, my heart
That ticks my time away,
Wearing out years of wonder in my breast,
This tenant, snug within my vulnerable house,
Susceptible to seasons as a tree,
Some winter night will turn the landlord out
Under a star-deserted sky
On a signless road
Where all the winds' directions are as one,
A naked vagrant careless of the cold,
Poor as he came before that break of day
That ushered in such amplitude of gold,
And showed him, innocent of earth and heaven,
A house to live in, a fire to warm him by,
And for his hunger,
Love's wild-tasting food.

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IN THE CRITIC'S HAMMOCK

(Continued from page 12)

invested their savings in two Boston rooming-houses. (Beck.)

ADLAI E. STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS. By Noel F. Busch. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75.
A biography of the governor of Illinois frequently spoken of as a Democratic presidential possibility. (Tinkle.)

THE TROUBLEMAKERS. By Benjamin Epstein and Arnold Forster. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
The report of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith on recent racial and religious bigotry in the United States. (Tinkle.)

UNENDING JOURNEY. By Elizabeth Wallace. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.
This autobiography of a University of Chicago professor emeritus provides sidelights on H. G. Wells, Mark Twain, Dwight L. Moody, and others. (J. Sherman.)

USHANT. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. Price not yet determined.
A volume of verse to be published Sept. 17. (Bradley.)

WAR OF SHADOWS. By W. Stanley Moss. New York: Macmillan Co. $3.95.
The daring exploits of a British secret agent in Crete, Macedonia, and Siam during World War II. (Yeiser.)

WHO LIVED HERE? By Mark DeWolfe Howe and Samuel Chamberlain. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.
Descriptions of 13 famous New England houses, ranging from cottages to mansions, with some account of the distinguished people who called them home. Beautifully illustrated. (Bond.)

WENDELL WILLKIE. By Mary Earhart Dillon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.
A biography based on much unpublished material of the Hoosier boy who became president of Commonwealth & Southern and Presidential nominee in 1940. (Schockle.)

THE YOUNG GEORGE DU MAURIER. Edited by Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday & Co. $4.50.
A selection of letters of the author of "Trilby" during his first seven years in London, when he shared a studio with Whistler, Thackeray, Swinburne, and other distinguished artists. (Washburn.)

Fiction

TEN VOTES

MATADOR. By Barnaby Conrad. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75.
A great retired bull-fighter, out of condition and obsessed with fear, finds triumph through failure in a return to the ring. To be published June 26. (O'Neill, Bond, Jackson, Tinkle, Rothermel, Wesch, Rogers, Babcock, Cady, Cross.)

FIVE VOTES

THE ALEXANDRIANS. By Charles Mills. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.
A long, panoramic story of the fictional town of Alexandria, Ga., 1839-1949. The central figure is Anna Anderson Redding, but the author considers also the loves, hates, ambitions, and fears of many townsfolk. (Beck, Shockle, Cady, Jordan-Smith, Nelson.)

THE BOGMAN. By Walter Macken. New York: Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Young Cahal returns from school to his grandfather's farm at Caherlo, Ireland. Only after his marriage to an older woman is he stirred to revolt against the tyranny of his grandfather. (O'Neill, Bond, Douglas, Flowers, Cady.)

THE GOLDEN HAND. By Edith Simon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.
The building of a cathedral to celebrate the finding of a golden hand at Bedesford is the central theme of this richly tapestried tale of fourteenth-century-England. (O'Neill, Bond, Jackson, Hass, Derleth.)

THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN. By Howard Spring. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.95.
Another long panoramic novel, this one of London family life over the past century. The souring of Victorian optimism is seen from the vantage point of Sarah Rainborough. (Nelson, Babcock, Cady, Beck, Flowers.)

WINDOM'S WAY. By James Ramsey Ullman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.
The problems of a physician in Southeast Asia, beset by matters medical, a neurotic wife, the civil authorities, a tyrannical plantation owner, and the oppressed natives. (Beck, Rothermel, Babcock, Jordan-Smith, Nelson.)

FOUR VOTES

THE REBELLION OF THE HANGED. By B. Traven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
The revolt of oppressed Indian workers in a Mexican mahogany camp against their Spanish masters is the theme of this new novel by the author of "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." (O'Neill, Kogan, T. Sherman, J. Sherman.)

THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS. By Godfrey Blunden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75.
A picture of the devastation of the Ukranian city of Kharkov between 1941 and 1943, when it was a battleground between Nazis and Communists. (Kogan, Rothermel, Babcock, Yeiser.)

THE VILLAGE. By Marghanita Laski. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
The post-war crumbling of the British caste system is pictured in the romance of well-born Margaret Trevor and Roy Wilson, son of a former Trevor servant. (Jackson, Douglas, T. Sherman, Rogers.)

THREE VOTES

THE HIDDEN FLOWER. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: John Day Co. $3.50.
The marriage of Allen Kennedy, a Virginian officer in the American army, and Josui, a Japanese girl, breaks up when the couple comes to the United States, but not before the birth of a child of great promise. (Tinkle, Beck, Babcock.)

THE INVISIBLE MAN. By Ralph Ellison. New York: Random House. $3.50.
The progress of a Negro from a Southern college through the Communist ranks in Harlem told in a stirring, individual style. (Kogan, J. Sherman, Washburn.)

THE NINE BRIDES AND GRANNY HITE. By Neill C. Wilson. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.
Homespun tales about a set of colorful residents of Cat Track Hollow, somewhere in the mountains. (Jordan-Smith, Douglas, Hass.)

RAGE OF THE SOUL. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Random House. $3.50.
Elizabeth Redwood, estranged from her husband whom she loves, seeks self-understanding and self-respect among the philosophers of India. (Rothermel, T. Sherman, Bradley.)

THE SILVER CHALICE. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.85.
An exciting and inspirational story about the cup used at the Last Supper, ranging from the Holy Land to Rome. To be published July 25. (Bond, Tinkle, Flowers.)

SOFT VOICE OF THE SERPENT. By Nadine Gordimer. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
Twenty-one short stories by a talented

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South African, usually centering on an intense moment in an emotional situation. (Rogers, Washburn, Cady.)

TWO VOTES

JOURNEY WITH STRANGERS. By R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50.
A chronicle of a landed Polish family and its vicissitudes since the turn of the century. (O'Neill, Rothermel.)

MUSIC OUT OF DIXIE. By Harold Sinclair. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50.
The rise of Dade from Negro shoeshine boy in New Orleans to leader of a five-man band of his own. (Shockle, Washburn.)

OLD MAN AND THE SEA. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
Hemingway's new book, a short novel about an old man living on the Gulf Stream and a giant fish he encounters, is to be published in September. (Tinkle, Bradley.)

SHILOH. By Shelby Foote. New York: Dial Press. $2.75.
The bloody Civil War battle of Shiloh as seen through the eyes of various officers and men on both sides. Vivid, historically accurate. (Jordan-Smith, Kogan.)

THE SHINING TIDES. By Win Brooks. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50.
Love, mystery, and adventure interwoven in a salty tale of fishing for striped bass. To be published June 25. (Nelson, Flowers.)

SIX ANGELS AT MY BACK. By John Bell Clayton. New York: Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Three residents of the western coast of Florida make a desperate and tragic try for easy money in this promising first novel. Paperbound. (Bond, Wesch.)

ONE VOTE

THE BRACKENFORD STORY. By Michael Home. New York: Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Six decades in the life of an English village, tracing the change from the squirearchy to socialism. (Hass.)

THE CATHERINE WHEEL. By Jean Stafford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.
A leisurely, atmospheric story of family loves and tensions in a country house near Boston. (Cross.)

CHILDREN OF THE RAINBOW. By Bryan MacMahon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.95.
A picture of life in a small Irish village during the Twenties, tinted with the romanticism and poetry to be expected of the author of "The Lion-Tamer." (Cross.)

CLARA. By Lonnie Coleman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
The struggle for dominance of a household between a second wife and a Negro servant, set in an Alabama town between 1915 and the present. (Cross.)

COLONEL JULIAN AND OTHER STORIES. By H. E. Bates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
Fourteen short stories, chiefly of the English country folk, and varying widely in mood. (J. Sherman.)

A CRY OF CHILDREN. By John Horne Burns. New York: Harper & Bros. Price not yet determined.
A new novel by the author of "The Gallery,' to be published Sept. 3. (Bradley.)

THE DECEIVERS. By John Masters. New York: Viking Press. $3.
A nineteenth-century Britisher joins the dread cult of Kali the Destroyer in an attempt to break up the loathsome religion. (Kogan.)

THE DISTANT SHORE. By Jan deHartog. New York: Harper & Bros. Price not yet determined.
The adventures of a tugboat skipper during World War II. To be published Aug. 20. (Cross.)

DON CAMILLO AND HIS WAYWARD FLOCK. By Giovanni Guareschi. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.
The further adventures of the indomitable priest hero of "The Little World of Don Camillo." To be published on Sept. 8. (Tinkle.)

DOTING. By Henry Green. New York: Viking Press. $3.
A merry mix-up of middleaged London people in love. (Yeiser.)

THE FAMILY. By Caroline Ivey. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50.
Shelby Olmstead learns to her surprise that she must work for domestic happiness, not simply wait for it to come to her. (Douglas.)

FARAWAY THE SPRING. By Richard Hagopian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.
Setrak Dinjyan, Armenian shoestitcher in Chelsea, Mass., risks his entire wages at backgammon to send an ailing son west. Grim, yet amusing fantasy. (Douglas.)

HEAD AGAINST THE WALL. By Hervé Bazin Translated by W. J. Strachan. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3.95.
The mental collapse of the son of a French provincial magistrate and his experiences in hospitals and asylums are graphically, shockingly told. (Derleth.)

JEHOVAH BLUES. By Marguerite Steen. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
The third volume in the chronicle of the Floods takes Aldebran, last of the family, to America in search of the lover of her youth. (Schockle.)

JULIA GWYNN. By Robert K. Marshall. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.
The trial of Julia Gwynn for the murder of her sadistic husband brings her whole colorful and dramatic life into view. North Carolina setting. (Hass.)

LAMENT FOR FOUR VIRGINS: By Lael Tucker. New York: Random House. $3.50.
The story of four lively young women who, in their pursuit of love, defied conventions and waged war against the matriarchs who dominated a Southern town's society. To be published July 14. (Wesch.)

LOVE IS A WOUND. By Worth Tuttle Hedden. New York: Crown Publishers. $3.50.
A domestic tangle in a minister's house, laid in a North Carolina town of the Eighties. (Washburn.)

MITTEE. By Daphne Rooke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
Despite the sadism, rape, and murder that run through this novel of domestic relations in South Africa during the Boer War period, it is a work of distinction. (Cross.)

MORNING STAR. James Lansdale Hodson. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
The fight of Oliver Blackwood, editor of *The Morning Star*, to save his newspaper from absorption by one of the big chains. British setting. (Yeiser.)

THE MOUNTAINS HAVE NO SHADOW. By Owen Cameron. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.
The eternal triangle with a Western setting and a manhunt finish. (Derleth.)

MUSIC FOR MOHINI. By Bhabani Bhattacharya. New York: Crown Publishers. $3.
The marriage of a city-bred girl to a youth raised in the country produces a conflict between old and new ways in contemporary India. (Rogers.)

THE OTHER ELIZABETH. By Jess Gregg. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.
Elizabeth Deveney, ghost-writing the autobiography of an old-time beauty, dreams herself into her employer's part and discovers the secret of her shattered romance. (Wesch.)

ROTTING HILL. By Wyndham Lewis. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3.
Witty, humorous short stories about the plight of the British, especially those of the upper-class, in that year of grace 1951. (Hass.)

THE SECOND FACE. By Marcel Aymé. Translated by Norman Denny. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.
Humorous fantasy about what happens to a middleaged Paris businessman when he discovers he has suddenly acquired a handsome face. (T. Sherman.)

SPQR. By Paul Hyde Bonner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
The romantic entanglements of an attaché in the American embassy in Rome played amid the sophisticated society of the Eternal City. (Beck.)

STORY: NO. 2. Edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett. New York: David McKay Co. Price not yet determined.
Second number of this clothbound magazine of short stories by writers of promise. To be published in September. (Derleth.)

THE STRANGE BRIGADE. By John Jennings. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.
An historical romance about the violent conflict between two rival fur companies in colonial Canada. (Jordan-Smith.)

THEY HAD A GLORY. By Davenport Steward. Atlanta: Tupper & Love. $3.75.
The fortunes of a motley group of pioneers as they push their way westward in search of the land of Kaintuck. (Schockle.)

THIS CROOKED WAY. By Elizabeth Spencer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.
Amos Dudley, poor white of the Mississippi hill country, achieves his two desires: a plantation and a well-born girl in this well-written, realistic story. (T. Sherman.)

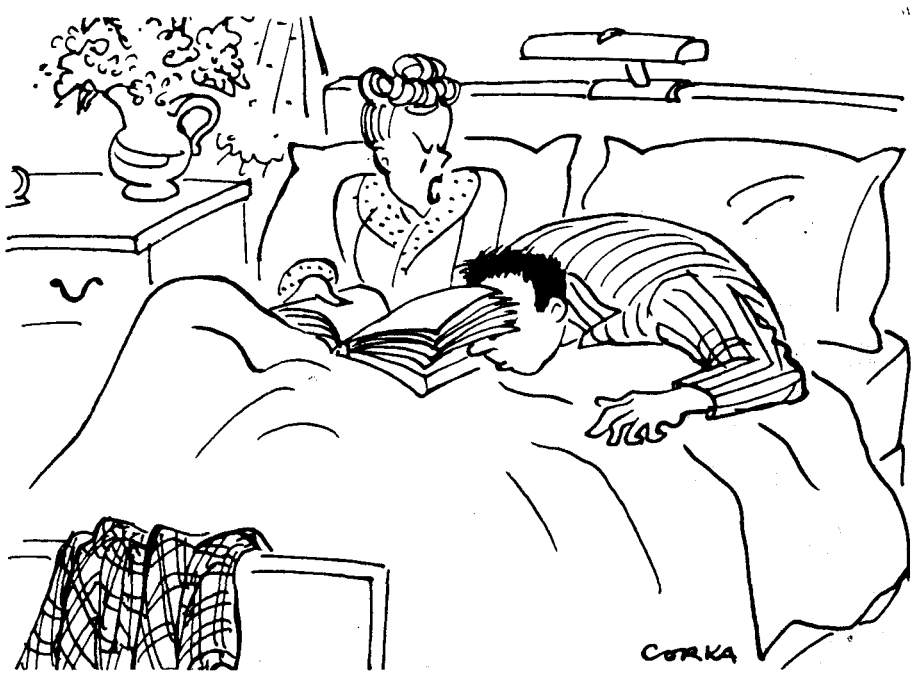
THIS WAS THE OLD CHIEF'S COUNTRY. By Doris Lessing. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.
A collection of short stories by a talented South African writer. (Washburn.)

THREE TO BE READ. By Philip Wylie. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50.
The three stories are "The Smuggled Atomic Bomb," "Sporting Blood," and "Experiment in Crime." To be published July 24. (Bradley.)

TRIAL BY TERROR. By Paul Gallico. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Jimmy Race, American newspaperman, sets out to learn how the Communists in Hungary obtain their "confessions" from incarcerated Americans. (Flowers.)

THE WAY TO GLORY. By J. D. Scott. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
A sophisticated Briton plays at love in Paris. To be published July 21. (Jackson.)

WISE BLOOD. By Flannery O'Connor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.
A backwoods Tennessee lad conceives it as his mission to teach the Church without Christ and before long ends his life in a crash into a ditch. (Schockle.)



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I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 21 to August 8, 1952. Distinguished staff. Write for information.

MAIS OUI! It's fun! Speak French in 12 intensive lessons. Parisian, NYC. MUrray Hill 5-4160.

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SOCIALIST ADVOCATE—California monthly. $1 yearly. Socialist Party, 6025 Adeline, Oakland, Calif.

TEACHING-GOVERNESS; Homemaker, mature, excellent health, university graduate, European training. Tutoring: painting, music appreciation, good reading, sports, sewing, etiquette, healthful living. Motherly with young children. Exchange references. Box L-1.

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LECTURERS REQUIRED for small, discerning, Manhattan evening group. Box L-16.

PARTNER WANTED—male or female. Licensed NYC Sightseeing Agency. Hotel office, Times Square area. Stimulating work, moderate investment. Box L-17.

COUNTRY room and board, boating, classical records and small salary offered person; preferably one interested in creative jewelry, crafts, etc.; in return for part-time store work. State age and telephone. Box L-19.

CONGENIAL COUPLE will pay transportation expenses to accompany persons driving leisurely California. Box L-18.

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I AM INTERESTED in collecting unusual humorous toasts and anecdotes, and if of interest will mail reasonable check. Box L-22.

I AM ENGAGED in writing a master's thesis on the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay, and will be grateful to all those who send me letters, unfinished or unpublished manuscripts, and any other material of a similar direct nature. I will return anything loaned as soon as requested. Address: Albert Haley, 329 East Beaver Ave., State College, Pa.

(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

WOULD LIKE TO CARE for needy children in my Central New York State home, to help parent whose home is temporarily broken up. Money unimportant. Box L-24.

HOLLAND COUPLE, antique dealer and wife, middle-aged, desiring to come to States, want 2-year contract as caretakers. Dutch cleanliness guaranteed. Box L-25.

ATTORNEY; 27, married, Veteran, B.S. Mathematics, M.A. Education, Human Relations studies; 2½ years law experience; desires position. Box L-26.

GALLERY FOR SALE

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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BARGAIN: Summer cottage, conveniences, quiet, accessible; shore of beautiful lake. Write for photographs and complete details. Currier, East Winthrop, Maine.

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SAN DIEGO harbor view—6-room, 1½ bath redwood house on quiet, conveniently located street. Brick patio. Built 1948 for art museum director. $16,500. Box K-991.

BROOK AND WATERFALL for sale; 3½ secluded acres, 2 houses, river frontage. 45 minutes commuting NYC. $22,000. Box L-20.

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ENJOY COUNTRY LIFE in modern cottage. Inquire Box 182, Brattleboro, Vermont.

LOVELY HOME ON GREAT SOUTH BAY, large garden, peaceful, 20 minute sail to secluded beach, 2 hour commute to NYC. 6 rooms, 2 baths, use of sail-boat and outboard. $400 monthly. Box K-820.

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PEACEFUL, simple, 2-bedroom house near Bennington. Troutbrook. To September, $150 plus utilities. Robert Adams, Westport, Connecticut or telephone 2-5804.

ON PARIS QUAY, 6 rooms, furnished, summer, longer. Box L-9.

ATTRACTIVE, Maine farmhouse on ocean, near Northbay Harbor. Very reasonable. Box L-6.

COTTAGE ON FARM—completely furnished, suitable for 2 adults. Locke Farm, Brattleboro, Vermont.

NEAR WATCH HILL, R. I.—attractive 1770 Cape Cod; furnished, 4 bedrooms, screened porch, modern conveniences, yard. $200 July. Box K-995.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. Writer's charming Cape Cod; large living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms. Scenic acres. July, August, $300 month. Box L-21.

VACATIONS

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THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N. Y. Secluded. Guest cottages. Privacy ideal for writing or other creative work, or for just plain loafing! Mountains and Lake for inspiration or recreation. Food varied and best. Charles H. Tibbits.

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BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful, seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

MOORLAND HOTEL, On-the-Ocean, Gloucester, Mass. . . . modern elevator, theatre, art, sports, cocktail lounge. From $49 weekly. Modified American Plan. Write for Folder S.

LANIER-ON-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Good beds, good food, salt water swimming. Small Inn, rustic cabins. Old world charm. Late June to early September.

GREEN TREE INN, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Famous for good food, attractive surroundings. Ideal climate. Golf, fishing, sailing available. Reasonable rates. Accommodations limited.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Trout. Waterfalls. Wooded walks. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont. Telephone 104W3.

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TENNIS-MINDED? ART-MINDED? Like walks over fascinating dunes? Fishing—Sailing—Swimming, on Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass. "CAST ANCHOR COURT" ON THE WATER. Telephone 501 or write.

VACATION FOR TWO, Lake Dunmore, Vermont. Quiet, good food, outing facilities. Box K-845.

ARLBERG INN, Laconia 2, N. H. Small, friendly, country inn. Scenic, quiet, restful. Heartwarming hospitality, scrumptious food. $45.50—$49, weekly; meals included. Folder.

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WOODHOLME—a unique and delightful Adirondack Lodge on lordly Seventh Lake. Refreshing days, velvety nights. Lakeside living at its best. American Plan, $50 to $54 per week. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lawson, Inlet, N. Y. Telephone Eagle Bay 9552.

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NAIDNI-ON-DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Join us for your holiday. Good swmiming, canoeing, fishing; extra good food. No planned entertainment.

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ISLAND VACATION—Restful, harmonious atmosphere. Ocean and country environment. ROCKAWAY INN, Vinalhaven, Maine.

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Midway to Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse. Secluded lake, swimming, boating, tennis, etc., on grounds. Rustic lodge and cabins. Moderate rates, informal. Folder S.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 952

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A word difficult to pronounce.	101 33 176 14 154 51 85 127 90 158
B. Noisy; unruly.	136 35 8 88 145 97 124 109 122 170
	102 57
C. A crowd; swarm; pack.	161 81 133 139 5
D. English poet (1862-1938; "Songs of the Sea").	147 92 6 50 47 25 11
E. Married name of Mary Anderson, the great actress.	66 113 10 7 156 175 82 110 77
F. Pulitzer Prize musical comedy, 1932, now being reviewed in New York City.	62 128 31 116 59 178 103 95 125 107
	164
G. A New York City philanthropist, head of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., bankers 1847-1920).	79 111 46 67 140 149
H. To make vapid or insipid.	18 141 26 1
I. Husband of Niobe (Greek myth.).	71 135 63 120 181 70 163
J. English poet who wrote a famous elegy on the death of Keats.	119 112 40 3 48 87 100
K. Fairies; apparitions; goblins.	165 123 99 27 83 138 172
L. Rejected.	9 76 171 16 94 134 69
M. Odin's eight-footed steed (Norse myth.).	151 168 44 129 64 68 162 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. To argue or talk interminably (slang; 3 wds.).	21 80 55 34 152 108 49 174 146 29
O. To listen (in the imperative).	12 15 78 115
P. Gumbo.	106 17 32 150
Q. Where Jacob lived in Bible times, now Nablus with a large Mohammedan population.	56 43 13 84 22 36 166
R. Shakespeare built a "Comedy" on them, in title.	65 52 179 73 118 41
S. City on the Hudson River where Washington disbanded Continental Army, 1783.	126 144 74 177 24 37 131 89
T. Any impulse flintlike rock, etc. (petrog.).	104 58 182 20 143
U. A supervisor; superintendent.	19 137 167 180 30 153 157 91
V. Not languished; not grown weak or faint.	2 130 45 39 75 173 155 60
W. Treated with nitric acid (chem.).	28 4 42 53 105 148
X. Muscular power or development.	160 23 132 93 142
Y. A novice; a tyro (sports; colo.).	38 121 72 96 54 169
Z. Wisconsin observatory named for the man who built it for Univ. of Chicago, (dedicated, 1897).	159 114 61 86 117 183

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

	1 H	2 V	3 J	4 W	5 C		6 D	7 E	8 B		9 L	10 E		11 D	12 O	13 Q
	14 A	15 O	16 L	17 P		18 H	19 U	20 T	21 N	22 Q		23 X	24 S	25 D	26 H	27 K
28 W	29 N		30 U	31 F	32 P	33 A	34 N	35 B	36 Q	37 S	38 Y	39 V	40 J	41 R		42 W
43 Q	44 M		45 V	46 G	47 D	48 J	49 N		50 D	51 A	52 R	53 W	54 Y	55 N	56 Q	
57 B	58 T	59 F		60 V	61 Z	62 F	63 I	64 M	65 R	66 E		67 G	68 M	69 L	70 - I	
71 I		72 Y	73 R	74 S	75 V		76 L	77 E	78 O		79 G	80 N	81 C	82 E	83 K	84 Q
85 A	86 Z	87 J		88 B	89 S	90 A	91 U	92 D		93 X	94 L	95 F		96 Y	97 B	98 M
99 K	100 J		101 A	102 B	103 F	104 T	105 W		106 P	107 F		108 N	109 B	110 E		111 G
112 J	113 E	114 Z	115 O		116 F	117 Z	118 R		119 J	120 I	121 Y	122 B	123 K		124 B	125 F
126 S	127 A		128 F	129 M	130 V	131 S	132 X	133 C	134 L		135 I	136 B	137 U	138 K	139 C	
140 G	141 H	142 X	143 T	144 S	145 B		146 N	147 D	148 W		149 G	150 P	151 M	152 N	153 U	154 A
	155 V	156 E	157 U	158 A	159 Z	160 X	161 C	162 M	163 I	164 F		165 K	166 Q	167 U	168 M	169 Y
	170 B	171 L		172 K	173 V	174 N	175 E	176 A	177 S	178 F	179 R	180 U	181 I	182 T	183 Z	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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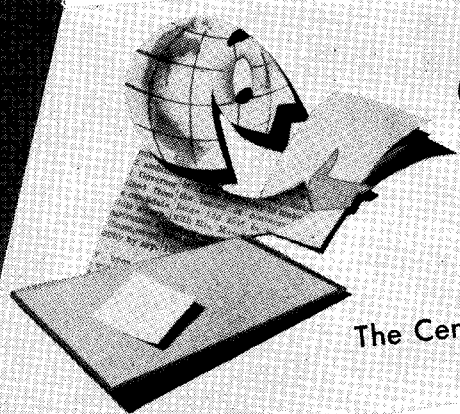
News, Sports and Weather 15 minutes all together



6:45 NEWS

A look at the latest news and important events of the day with

Ben Grauer

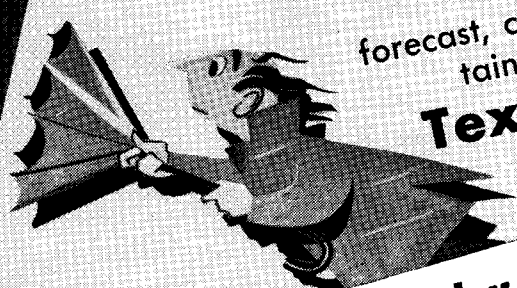
The Century Edition of the News

6:50 SPORTS

Last minute scores and the day's sports highlights summarized by

Bill Stern

The Krueger Spotlight on Sports



6:55 WEATHER

Tomorrow's weather forecast, clearly and entertainingly related by

Tex Antoine

The Con Ed Weatherman

Monday through Friday

WNBT 4

CHANNEL

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